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THE GOLD OF DANTE*

FLORENCE and Rome, Verona with Ravenna—these are the cardinal points in Dante's life and pilgrimage, the places of his birth, vision, exile, death. Florence, a cruel stepmother to her most wonderful son, thanks to whose inspiration the crown of Christian poetry encircles her brows; Rome, the City of God, centre of Empire and Papacy, the gate of Heaven where all nations, kindreds and people came together for worship at St. Peter's shrine; Verona, the home of a race from which he received shelter, one of whose sons he trusted might set Italy free; and Ravenna where he lies dead, an exile to this day, six hundred full years since the tomb closed over him, on September 14th, 1321. Dante was born in May, 1265, on a day which is uncertain, perhaps the thirtieth—in any case, three centuries all but a year before Shakespeare, whose birth was on April 23rd, 1564. We associate the citizen and Prior of Florence for ever with its beautiful, yet gloomy and tragic, Duomo, with its Baptistery, "mio bel San Giovanni," and Giotto's marble tower, the flowerlike campanile known to all the world. On the bridge of Sant' Angelo we imagine him at Easter, 1300, among pilgrims moving towards the Vatican to earn the indulgence of Jubilee granted by Pope Boniface VIII, his deadly foe at that very time,

* From the immeasurable literature I select Edward Moore's original text of all Dante's works, with his three volumes of *Studies*; Hettinger, on the *Scope and Value of the Divina Commedia*, translated by Bowden; Gardner, *Dante and the Mystics*, etc.; and as a rare curiosity, Lyell, *The Canzoniere*, Italian and English (Bohn, 1840). Versions are mentioned in the text.—W.B.

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soon to shut him out from his native city, afterwards to be assigned by the indignant poet a dreadful doom among the lost, nevertheless not without pity for the day of September, 1303, when Nogaret and Sciarra should pull him out of the Papal Chair, smiting him on the face, and renewing in His Vicar the passion of Christ. Again, we are at Verona, in the Piazza dei Signori with monuments of the Scaligers all around, the shadowed presence of Dante haunting us even in sunshine, his bitter cry still audible, "How steep the stair of exile to a homeless man, how salt the bread of aliens!" And then Ravenna, the forsaken, amid its marshes, the enchanted wood covering what was once the harbour of the Roman fleet, Sant' Apollinare in Classe bidding him seek rest and oblivion as he returns from his foiled embassy at Venice, along the Adriatic, which is not his own sea, through a pestilence-laden air, so unlike that of the Tuscan hills, of Fiesole and San Miniato. There he dies and there he is buried. Penitent Florence would fain bring him home now with honour; but she must leave his dust untroubled; he will not return.

It is a world far away from England that we gaze upon, the landscape wholly different, whether we view it as a scene, a background to history, or a place of conflict between ideas. Which of the Italians belonging to it survive in men's thoughts to-day?

Among divines and philosophers St. Thomas Aquinas, after ages of neglect, is winning recognition once more; Giotto has entered into his glory with the Primitives and their genuine successors; but the name of names is Alighieri. We may safely predict that he will not pass under eclipse again so long as our civilization endures. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, each himself and without a fellow, live apart, beyond change or decay, as the epic, the mystic, the romantic singers of Humanity, "in a kind of royal solitude, none equal, none second to them." Five years ago, Shakespeare had his centenary in the midst of war. Now we transport ourselves from Stratford and Blackfriars to Italy as it was when the Middle Ages,

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having reached their height, were falling into chaos ; and upon Dante the burden was laid of chanting their Apocalypse. To such a task he dedicated his life—youth in the *Vita Nuova*, which corresponds after a way of its own to St. Augustine's *Confessions* ; and manhood until verging on old age in the *Divine Comedy*, where the strange title conceals a resemblance of design and at last of treatment to the *City of God*. Let us keep to the thought and figure of a mediæval Apocalypse, with Dante fulfilling St. John's prophetic office, the unseen kingdoms made visible, the judgment set, the saints executing it, and the heavenly Jerusalem revealed. In that sky Dante is supreme, *Sopra gli altri come aquila vola*. He abides, I say it for remembrance, as the St. John of Christian epic and tragic poetry ; he is the Catholic seer, miraculously fitted by temperament, training, trial of good and evil, by the time when he appeared, and by his very wanderings of twenty years about the land that denied him any haven of rest, "to embody musically the religion of the Middle Ages, the religion of our modern Europe, its inner life."

I borrow these memorable words from Carlyle, who was a Puritan contrary in grain to the Papal Church, and who, by professing to have found salvation in Goethe, might seem the last of men to allow that the inner life of Europe and the Catholic Creed were in any sense identical. Yet he does grant so much ; "Dante has given us the Faith, or soul," he says, "Shakespeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice, or body." It is not, however, in reliance on Carlyle or any other that I register this momentous conviction, but after the study of a lifetime. Fifty-six years have fallen into the gulf of the past since I began to read Italian for the sake chiefly of its divine poet ; and no year has gone by without fresh travels through his realms of sorrow, light, and joy. Every season that brings us along the great Catholic liturgy to Easter Eve I find myself with him in the Earthly Paradise ; and still I am sensible of the deep impression it wrought, as I went over those tender and exquisite lines after

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listening to the Mass of Pope Marcellus in the Sistine, and retired apart in a vial a little beyond St. Peter's, while the bells of Rome were ringing Easter in. Memories of Dante, studied where he went sadly to and fro, lend a poignant charm to the "mystic unfathomable song," with which I have been occupied during as many years as he lived altogether. For though he reckons with the Psalmist that his thirty-fifth brought him to "the midway of this our mortal life," the end came long before he was seventy. His unjust exile and bitter meditation upon it, upon the woes of Italy, the failure of his own hopes in Henry of Luxemburg, the corruption which was dimming the fine gold of the sanctuary, the translation of the Holy See from Rome to Avignon—all this had proved to be more than his high and loving spirit could bear.

As Frederick II the Hohenstauffen was last of the mediæval Roman Emperors, and as Boniface VIII closed the dynasty of Pontiffs who consecrated and gave away crowns, so Dante sums up the elements of strife which had driven Guelf and Ghibelline, each appealing to the same authorities, into a storm of antagonism where the Kingdom of God on earth, which they both undertook to perpetuate, was smitten with disaster. Frederick and his house perished; we stand before his magnificent tomb in Palermo Cathedral, at once melancholy and admiring, awed by so tremendous a fall from such a height of dominion. Boniface VIII lost Rome to the Popes for seventy years, and opened thus the way for that Great Schism of the West which made some sort of reformation, or attempt to build up National Churches instead of the one Catholic Church, inevitable. To our Florentine, as to the inspired seer of Israel, the vision came of things accomplished and of things yet to be, retrospect and prospect, line upon line; and to him was the message delivered, "Go, set a watchman, let him declare what he seeth." None other could be found; Dante is the watchman steadfastly regarding, swiftly and pregnantly declaring, the whole pageant of that time—

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call it a hundred years complete—as it passes over the stage and makes an exit, to come back no more for ever.

When the splendid structure of the Middle Ages fell, and the proud Renaissance, the latest birth of time, discovered or created new worlds, in and out of Europe, Catholic Christendom shrank into an episode, even a "barbarous Intermezzo," cumbering the centuries by which a classic antiquity was divided from modern scientific and progressive days. According to the Reformers, who were men of the "new learning," the world had been sunk in idolatry for eight hundred years. But the men of the Renaissance condemned its culture during the same period no less vehemently. And under this sweeping anathema Dante was hurled with all his contemporaries into the abyss. A literary exile now overtook him, the scorn of modern minds being forcibly illustrated by a succession of mockers that extends from Voltaire to Savage Landor, and by a neglect as unbroken as that in which the Ossian of Macpherson now sleeps. With Aristotle and Aquinas he was sent far into the outer darkness, to dwell among the horrors of his own Inferno. We can scarcely give credit to the story; but the classical spirit, becoming exclusive in its triumph, grew deaf to the Dantean harmonies even as it was blind to the beauty and grace of an architecture which it called insultingly Gothic. To us now Voltaire has become himself an episode, Landor is only a pastiche, and the interpretation of Greek and Roman classics on Renaissance methods appears as pedantic as it was unreal. The Romantic movement which once crowded the *Via Sacra* of literature, bore along with it the *spolia opima* wrested from a pseudo-classic enlightenment, always justly open to the sarcasms of Erasmus and Montaigne.

Undoubtedly, the disdain, and even hatred, of Dante which prevailed among learned men, poets no less than critics, for more than two hundred years were prompted by motives not hard to decipher. Dante was, first and last, the prophet of the Supernatural. He came as though sent by God out of the Holy of Holies to tell

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living men that which he had seen. All his teaching—and it is impossible that a poet of supreme power should not teach—was Catholic and sacramental. Indeed, as I shall be pointing out later, this word “sacramental,” and not merely the word “symbolic,” renders precisely the form and pressure of all Dantean writing, as by inward necessity it must have been. His dream or vision was not mere reminiscence of things done or seen during waking hours; it was communion with eternal truth, fashioned into fit imaginations which body it forth in speech and song. The whole is rather premonition of the world to come, than memory of what unbelievers deem a creed outworn; and, in every case, the core is one thing, the outward show another. That vital change, however, in the orientation of Europe (forgive this technical, yet apposite word) consisted in moving away from the supernatural, now held to be either a delusion or beyond our knowledge, and in a deliberate return to nature, cultivated by science, worshipped under all its forms by all the arts, and taken as the ultimate, the veil of Isis which no mortal could lift. Instead of Supernature, then, the “eternal things,” as Pierre Loti calls them with a rare apprehension of the creed at this day paramount, are just those appearances of earth and sky and sea in the presence of which man is consumed. And the practice resulting is Paganism; the religion of instinct, energy and passion; of the Great Mother, of Demeter, Cybele, Aphrodite. Given this mood which, after the ecstasy of the early Renaissance, by degrees made itself felt in the poets and thinkers, the men and women of genius, who taught Christians to cast aside their inherited beliefs as Philistine, can we be surprised if the more essentially Catholic or supernatural a work of art was so much the less did it win either attention or praise from Neo-Pagans?

Such considerations will teach us why the “great Pagan,” Goethe, called “The *Inferno* abominable, the *Purgatorio* dubious, the *Paradiso* fatiguing.” His own *Faust*, in conception a mystery-play, might have pleaded a little on Dante’s behalf; but when we contrast

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Gretchen with Beatrice—to compare them would be sacrilege—it will become clear that the sage of Weimar, ending with his lifelong Feminism—his apotheosis of Woman as mere attraction—falls into a region *dove il sol tace*, where the Sun of Revelation is eclipsed. Under such an eclipse, not partial but total, the greatest single poem that ever came from the hands of man lay hidden and despised till the last century was well on its way. Then a reaction set in to which, so far as my reading and observation extend, nothing similar, and assuredly nothing equal, has taken place in the vicissitudes of literary fame. For two miserable centuries the descent of Italy from its pride of place to servitude under Spaniards and Austrians had brought in its train what I venture to call the dissolution of Dante. With the Florence of Michael Angelo he seemed to die ; and when the Risorgimento dawned, he, too, rose from the grave. He rose, let me not be deemed over-daring if I say it, by some divine power always persisting within his works, defeated, but unconquerable. First, however, he seemed utterly to perish.

After the Sack of Rome in 1527 by a Lutheran army, and the last siege of Florence by the Medici mercenaries in 1530, Italy became “humble” indeed, a low-lying, subdued “geographical expression,” a museum of antiquities and *virtù* which usurped the name of valour, and the Mother of Western civilization suffered indignity as at once a mistress and a slave. Her noble arts, dedicated to religion, freedom, liberal commerce, were now grown secular and profane, the amusement of dilettantism enjoying the grand tour. The Tuscan idiom went out of fashion before the French of Louis XIV ; it fell silent while German literature set forth on its expedition of conquest, to be checked only yesterday by a world-war. Dante might have written in a dead language, so far as polite readers even within the bounds of Italy, and naturally still more beyond the Alps, were troubling to comprehend his *terza rima*, though couched in a virile and majestic style. He had chosen for his models of composition the learned—nay, frequently too learned—Roman

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poets ; Virgil, his master and guide on the unearthly pilgrimage, who had taught him in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* what that supernatural world was like ; but also Lucan, the singular patriot who preferred Cato's judgment to the verdict of the Gods ; and the Lucretian love of didactic science could not be foreign to a mind which had taken all knowledge for its province. But mediæval science was rendered obsolete by Copernicus and Galileo ; the philosophy of Aquinas went down before Descartes, Locke, and Sensism ; if any one dogma more than another was flouted by all the Reformers, it was that of Purgatory, or a Middle State after death ; and who could waste the golden hours in ascertaining how those obscure Italian adventurers celebrated by him won or lost the Hundred Cities of the Peninsula ? The Book of Tyrants was crowded, disgusting, and obscure. What did it signify to the world's historic sense whether once upon a time Aldobrandeschi lay in wait for Siena, whether Baglioni disgraced Perugia, Malatesta lorded it over Rimini, or Bevilacqua held Bologna ? Many among English or French Catholics, otherwise well-disposed towards the *Divine Comedy* by reason of its transcendent and unique religious value, have turned away from the intricate scandals of mediæval Italian condottieri in which it abounds. This, I believe, was the feeling expressed by Cardinal Newman, whose taste and reading drew him to the Church of the Fathers in preference to the later Middle Ages. Of Dante, we must allow that he is nothing if not local, personal, and yet enigmatic, as he leads us along a gallery of portraits, doubtless vivid in every feature to himself, and to his friends or foes from Sicily to the Alps of Friuli, but long since forgotten. We look at them, being compellingly invited, but we know them not, and soon look away. Generations will weep with Dante as he tells the tale of Francesca, so passionately sad, so inexorably severe ; but is there anyone except an archæologist who minds whether she was Francesca of Rimini ? No one, I think. We do incline to believe that the poet, who took refuge with her people, may have set eyes on this pitiable victim

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of fortune and misguided love; but the scene lies in our hearts; it needs not a local habitation or a name.

Thus, then, physics and metaphysics, astronomy and geography, science, history, religion, and his very language, combined to dissolve the influence of this exalted singer, until both Reformation and Renaissance had their day out. Each, be it observed, was a movement of ideas or doctrines, general and cosmopolitan by nature, appealing to abstract principles. The resurrection of the Nations was yet to come. It followed hard on the French Revolution, partly by imitation, partly by reaction, but very swiftly spread over Europe. The changes to which we owe the Third Italy began in France, when Avignon was annexed to the Crown; not long afterwards a great captain, by pedigree Florentine, in character a soldier of fortune, led his French troops into Lombardy, shattered the political system that had prevailed since the time of Clement VII, and as Napoleon, King of Italy, inaugurated the Risorgimento. I possess a very fine edition (four volumes in folio) of the *Divina Commedia*, published at Rome in 1815, and reproducing the critical text of 1791; between these two dates the new Italy had come to the birth. And although Napoleon, the centenary of whose death, May 5th, 1821, falls near to the natal day of his Tuscan kinsman, died like him in exile, the enterprise to which poet and emperor set their hands may well demand the honours of a Roman triumph. Italy is now safe, Dante is immortal.

Reaction or revival, whichever you please, marks the last century, little as it may have been adequately measured by observers intent on a more ambitious programme, bearing the name of Liberalism. Not only did the nations resist an all-devouring French Republic and Empire; the Roman Church ascended out of her catacombs where she had long been immured; the Tractarians gave to the almost expiring Anglican institutions a new lease of life; the Romantics, a motley host, found leaders everywhere in the West, and made of the despised Middle Ages a motive in art, letters, politics, which fascinated even their

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opponents. This curiously simultaneous attack put to flight a host quite as motley on the other side, of Lutherans and Calvinists, French defenders of the stage-unities, commentators on the classics who ground the heroes of antiquity into powder and who had never dreamt of Greek or Roman in the flesh—I need not pursue the catalogue. We talk, and rightly talk, of the “Revolution,” implying an advance along the whole line of Humanity, in however many detachments. The point of view had, after this fashion, been altered, the horizon grew larger, fresh heights and depths came in sight. If the classic genius relied on reason as a law which is justified in itself; and if the romantic glories in its gift of invention, its passion, strangeness, and mystery; we may laud and magnify the time out of which our own generation has sprung, in that by a consummate spirit of criticism it was capable of thinking really back to the past, and by a philosophic impartiality of desiring to overlook none of its phases. To such criticism, as to impersonal science, all the phenomena that ever had genuine existence were welcome. But the claim of Dante to recognition was instant and great, beyond all else in literature.

For his were “the first words Italy had said,” and still he cried aloud against the Barbarians that held her down; he was the voice of the Catholic Church, seen to be the main outstanding bulwark on whose deep and strong foundations anarchy made assault in vain; while Rome appeared no longer as a Babylon hated by true Christians or a pleasure-city for tourists, but as the historic centre of religion never to be removed. The voice, too, of a culture that, echoing Virgil, preluded to the free romantic dramas of Shakespeare, and in the faculty of seizing the soul through features and action equalled them. So soon as comparison by this new critical method was attempted, it became evident to all scholars that the Florentine must be given rank with Homer, who chanted the heroic world of Hellas in *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; with our English bard who held the mirror up to nature in such wise that he promised to be the universal poet of

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mankind. These were not fashions or fancies, but the judgments of Reason raised to its highest function, dealing with the works of Dante as it deals with Sophocles or Æschylus or Plato, not regarding national prejudice, or religious bias, but only the quality and achievement of thought, its correspondence to reality by portraiture, significance, expression, and its magic charm. A picked "Company of the Rose," by knowledge kindled to enthusiasm of Christian art, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood broke down the barriers set up when pseudo-classicism reigned, recovering for our delight large periods of painting, sculpture, and architecture, of which the spirit was profoundly in agreement with Dantean ideas and the technique adopted in prose and rhyme by the Master, who was a Tuscan or local poet no less than a prophet to his own and future ages. When the passion for liberty spread after Napoleon's defeat to every oppressed people, with it came a revival of languages, folk songs, national epics; and the *Lay of the Nibelungs*, the Finnish *Kalevala*, the *Ghanson de Roland*, called for the *Divine Comedy* to consecrate their second spring.

On turning to the Catholic landscape, as we may describe it, which came fold after fold into view during the last hundred and twenty years, we are struck by its curiously blended, often opposed colours, nor have we yet arrived at "the calm sunset of a various day." There were still Guelfs and Ghibellines, both laying claim to the unique Italian who had passed from one camp to another, but was never at home with partisans, however much he strove to discern something of the ideal in their contrivances. The resurrection of Italy, promoted by Carbonari, Papalini, and the astute Piedmontese; by Manzoni and Gioberti, by Leopardi, Mazzini and the circle of Rossetti, by D'Azeglio and Cavour, found its herald at every stage in the patriot, Catholic, and exile, who was, according to Carlyle and in truth, a "Saint of poetry." The nation that had a Dante could not perish. In his musical accents Italy was ever pleading her cause at the bar of Europe, subduing men's hearts until her

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captives should be set free and by sword and pen Italia Irredenta had been transformed to an Alpine shield, an Istrian bulwark. To this *Opus Magnum* of justice, of a civilization reinstated where its throne had been originally set up, all the writings of Dante were gifts, precious like the achievements of Michael Angelo, sacred as the sufferings and death of Savonarola, testifying also to a martyrdom long drawn out, a shame and a glory to Florence, which once solemnly decreed to burn him alive, as it hanged Savonarola on a cross.

In vain had it mocked "Dante Alighieri," when some fifteen years of banishment were expired, with hope of recall, if he would submit to fine and censure. On such terms he, the innocent, would never set foot in the guilty city. Could he not "everywhere look up to sun and stars, contemplate most delightful truths, yes, and even find bread not wanting?" So he answered, proudly enough. And at length has been wrought by many heroes and a whole nation the Via Gloriosa which he demanded, high above political reactions and military triumphs—the way of peace. I would symbolize the events thus conspiring to a great act of reparation under the figure of a meeting in Paradise between Dante, St. Thomas the Angelic Doctor, and St. Francis, the seraph of Assisi. All three were cast aside in scorn by a period of "enlightenment" which rejected the *Divine Comedy* as a barbarous allegory, left the *Summa Theologica* to moulder unread on monastic shelves, and thought the Franciscan poverty sheer madness; and lo, all three have been restored with honour to their seats on high! Nor yet by Catholics only, as neither by much advocacy of ours; the secret influences of time and what may reverently be taken for the counsels of Providence have guided men through and beyond the desert stages of Luther, Voltaire, and materialist science, to the edge of the Promised Land. We are returning towards Dante, having ourselves been led on a pilgrimage through the dread Inferno, whence with infinite endeavour we must climb into a more lightsome world. In the prologue to

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a late Oxford translation of the *Paradiso* we read, "Custom, the social fabric, civilization itself, are hung precariously over an abyss of blackness, like a thin crust that may give way . . . In something beneath and above them is the only solid base of life, the reality of which life is the moving shadow. Dante is one of the great masters to whom at such a time we can turn, not to seek distractions or to drug our senses in dreams, but to be enabled to see the things about us in their true proportions, to realize how slight and transitory they are."

Higher praise than this no man need desire. Yet, fully to reckon its value, we shall bear in mind always that our poet is not a mere Ecclesiastes, the preacher of "All is vanity," but has learnt like St. John to behold with open eyes the City of God which is the Tabernacle of Adam's race redeemed. This it is, the belief in true human progress and its goal of divine perfection—the *Vita Beata*—which divides him eternally from the poets of disillusion and despair; from the "Satanic School," though he paints in lurid burning colours vice with its fierce disdains and moods rebellious against Heaven; as from the delicate or decadent votaries of art for art, who care only to render an impression as it is experienced, whatever be its ethical or religious quality, and know nothing more. Of the absolute Catholic poet we are delighted to affirm that, while he had not listened to Diotima teaching Socrates how man might ascend from earthly to ideal beauty, and thus attain the vision of God, he was instructed by a teacher still more august to seek in things visible the image, vehicle, analogy, and presentiment of things invisible, the mystery which is at once the secret of art, the knight's quest through mediæval forests, the Holy Graal to be conquered in the far-off city of Sarras, the Wood beyond the World, the Isle of Hy-Brasil, the Land of the Hyperboreans, the vision splendid vouchsafed to heroes and saints, the white radiance that overhung those Middle Ages, so turbulent, chaotic, and yet creative, to which we feel ourselves so much more strongly drawn than we could ever be to the chill academic, or

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unrestrained sensual, heathenism of the Renaissance. Was, then, the "so-called Nineteenth Century," at once unbelieving, critical, agnostic, swayed by scientific materialism, yet attracted to the fierce, tender, adventurous paladins of mediæval Christendom? Even so, I reply with Victor Hugo; it was a time of light and dark; *les rayons et les ombres* were mingled in a strange twilight, lingering still in the mental atmosphere of elders like myself, who have grown into the years, and possibly the platitudes, of Gerenian Nestor. But now to the man and his work, with whom I have lived so long.

Shakespeare is a name; not even by the dream-fugues of the Sonnets can we be sure that we hold him. Dante is real and singular, as well known to me as Swift or Montaigne. I see him, doubtless, in the portrait of the Bargello, attributed to Giotto; but, in comparison with his living self revealed by the *Vita Nuova*, by the *Comedy*, that picture is a faded photograph, telling me little I want to ascertain. He is one of the men who must needs create on their peculiar pattern, while they appear, like Jonathan Swift, disdainful of the crowd and its opinion. As in a dream, he makes all the personages, their attitudes, actions, speeches, out of his own fancy; he is the stage, the play, the dialogue, the orchestra. Whatever he sees he shows you; and you are compelled to see it as he does. There is no science of the individual; there is only vision; and the Etruscan Dante had that power which we note in all Tuscan artists, in the saints of Florence and Siena, whereby they become disciples in the school of the Hebrew prophets, so that all their wisdom, of earth or heaven, takes on the form of imagery. Remark, however, what a contrast lies between the modern poet and the mediæval. To a modern imagination the figurative language denotes only moods; it has rather a musical than a symbolic meaning, and its value is evanescent. To the imagination which Dante ruled with an astonishing deliberation, the task assigned was not at all to delineate the poet's attitude towards life or conduct; its function was like that of the Catholic ritual with which

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it had such intimate connection, to body forth supernatural realities, otherwise beyond the reaches of our souls. In the *Convito* we find this method of teaching is termed allegory and symbolism. But we must not suppose that Dante uses mere artifice of which the significance is exhausted in time ; for it conveys a message from eternity. "Great would be his shame," said the poet-critic, "who, rhyming under the garb of figure and rhetorician's colours, knew not how to strip his words bare that so they should win true understanding." Of this explanation Dante made a beginning, and even a sort of Latin prose-version, but it was left a mere torso, not only when he sketched his fancy of a "Symposium" resembling (however little it did so in fact) the mystic and incomparable dialogue of Plato, but likewise when addressing to Can Grande the epistle which expert scholars now grant to be authentic. The sum of my argument, then, is that Dante, inspired and shown things hid from mortal sight, was a seer, not merely a singer of love-songs, or a weaver of dreams, at midnight terror-striking, then lit up by radiant dawn and tranquil sunset. I come back to my definition ; he is the poet of the Catholic Apocalypse. But he is always himself and not another, by which note he remains the antagonist of all Persian Sufis yearning to be absorbed in the One Essence, and of all adepts in Buddhism enamoured of Nirvana.

From the Vulgate Bible, that most fortunate rendering of the Scriptures which he knew by heart, and from its fourfold sense, literal, spiritual, moral, anagogic, Dante derived his idea—strictly Platonic also—of a perfect composition. To the author, as he judged, fell this duty of wrapping up deep meanings in significant speech, to the reader a corresponding task, the unravelling of that which had been concealed. Modern science proceeds on a contrary method ; it aims at the utmost clearness and is a secret only to the untrained intelligence. So, too, modern literature demands from the crowd no second glance ; allegory is more than out of fashion, it has become an extinct language, shut in its tomb for

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ever. Dante, says Dr. Moore, "firmly believed that he lived in a world of mystery"; its hidden meaning was divine; the allegory was real and true; but the outward-seeming only a painted veil, an instrument of good or evil controlled by spirit, and that more than human. What marvel if a student who is not a Catholic or in any other sense mystically given, should confess with Dr. Moore that between the age of Dante and ours an ever-widening gulf is fixed, and that the poet's supreme point of view is irrecoverable?

For us, however, who keep the doctrine of the Incarnation and the Sacraments, and hold to the "prophetic soul of this wide world," it remains indubitable that things have a significance no less than a reality; and, "through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams." I grant even to the "soul within the soul" of Alighieri some cloud of inconsistency, to his artist's hand moments of trembling. To me it does not seem unlikely that he tangled various threads in his enchanted web—seizing hints from all he came across, plucking out secrets from a deeply wounded heart, playing with Love's mediæval *Romaunt of the Rose*, yet serious during such pastime; and thanks to the solely-singular being he was, we must give up the ambition which would enable us to sound him to the top of his compass—how vain in such as we, the average, the mediocrities! But our Catholic training helps us not a little to feel at one with Dante while he pilgrims along the way that we ourselves must travel. He deemed, for instance, Boethius, the scholar and lover of Italy, who died in exile on his country's behalf, to be a model and light upon his own suffering career. In the pages of Boethius he saw Philosophy personified, a gracious lady, Wisdom herself, beautiful in all her ways. But was Dante ignorant of the association long consecrated by Church and Liturgy between Mary the Mother of Our Lord to whom he cherished so ardent a devotion and the Wisdom whose praise we hear in the Proverbs of Solomon

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and the Book of Job ? Reverence forbade him to claim as his guide the Virgin-Mother ; a bitter-sweet experience of young affection, untouched by passion less worthy, and sealed by death, may well have determined him to celebrate Beatrice dei Portinari as none other lady had been glorified, and why not ? Such a heavenly grace springing from mortal mould appears to the Catholic imagination altogether credible, and it would not stand alone. The principle to bear in mind is that our Faith deals in realities, not in generalized abstractions, and that our wisdom is never simply of the head but takes to its heart the will, the fancy, the conduct of life—all which Dante knew and had made his own while bent in thought over the pages of Aquinas. Therefore, to sum up, the supreme point of view being on this wise sacramental, we Catholics are not simply in the dark as regards it ; on the contrary, to us it appears calm, distinct, luminous, positive ; and such the poet describes it, in words unmistakable. The height and light combine for him as for us in the Beatific Vision, where all things are beheld according to their true proportions. Dante's spiritual message is indeed Love, but tested and sanctified by the grace of Christ the Redeemer. We admire the miracles of construction which make his *Vita Nuova*, his *Divine Comedy*, each a design of infinite detail, complex and opulent as the Gothic cathedral, simple as the unity of creed and worship to which they owe their existence. Alighieri will be always the greatest of didactic poets by his blending into a single work of the charm of Nature, the power of the Supernatural, and the pathos of human joy and sorrow, with Justice over all.

Such I take to be the gold of Dante, purged from mediæval Italian and other dross, tried in the fire, proved everlasting by vicissitudes of honour and dishonour moving through centuries. After being, as it were, canonized in Chaucer's delightful verse, then cast into oblivion by the neglect of almost all Tuscan literature among English readers down to some hundred and twenty years ago, he has had a noble revenge ; Shelley, Byron, Tennyson,

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leading him back with glorious chants of recognition; Carlyle and Ruskin setting his praises forth in impassioned prose; Cary, Longfellow, Wright, Wicksteed, Okey, Chaley, Norton, Shadwell, the Greek Musurus, and not a few of lesser note, translating him; and Oxford, by the hands especially of Edward Moore, determining his text from Bodleian manuscripts even to the enhancement of Karl Witte's labours, though Witte was the father of Dantean studies in the century past. Among Catholics the place of distinction belongs to Edmund Gardner, whose elucidation of the *Ten Heavens*, an astronomical problem, led up to what is the decisive question, far more momentous than that of Ptolemaic cycles or parochial Italian pedigrees—I mean how Dante was related to the Catholic spiritual writers, and from which of them he drew most. That his foundations may be discovered in St. Augustine, Dionysius the Areopagite, St. Bernard, the Victorines, as well as in St. Thomas and St. Bonaventura, we may convince ourselves from his admirable pages; and he keeps within due bounds, neither giving all the glory of Dantean theology (which is so entrancing) to Aquinas, nor making of the poet a spiritual Franciscan beyond the warrant of history. But I must break off; and what shall be my brief concluding word?

Dante, according to Ruskin, was "the central man" of all this world; to Carlyle his book was "the sincerest of all poems," he was the "spokesman of the Middle Ages; the thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music"; his *Divine Comedy* is "the most remarkable of all modern books"; and "one need not wonder if it were predicted that his poem might be the most enduring thing our Europe has yet made"; it remains, and he by virtue of it, "the possession of all the chosen of the world for uncounted time." Dante and Shakespeare are the two voices of Catholic Christendom. Stratford-on-Avon stretches out a brotherly hand to Florence-on-Arno—Florence, the "most famous and beautiful offspring of Rome," but towards this unique citizen "all too

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inexorable." He dies in a strange city, on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, which is a signal date in the life of St. Francis, not without symbolic value. In twenty years of suffering how much had this lonely wanderer not accomplished while his age was going down headlong to ruin? He had written a Bible for Italy, become the herald's voice of the Catholic religion while the world lasts, and proclaimed to every succeeding generation that in God love and righteousness are one. The triumph of Christian art in its highest and most enduring form we owe to Dante Alighieri.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE CHURCH AND THE PREVENTION OF VENEREAL DISEASE

ONLY the gravity and the urgency of this most painful question could induce one to make it the subject of an article in the DUBLIN REVIEW. The evil, however, is so general and widespread, and so many of our people are among its innocent victims that one feels constrained to lay certain matters before the Catholic public, in the hope that something may be done to lessen the awful havoc it is working in our midst. It is no longer possible for the general public to ignore the existence and spread of the terrible diseases which are the outcome of promiscuous sexual intercourse. So much evidence on the subject has been laid before the public in books and pamphlets and the Press, that no one can plead ignorance as to the existence of this horrible scourge. Catholics who have always been brought up to practise purity in thought, word, and deed, are naturally reluctant to discuss or perhaps even acknowledge the existence of the loathsome maladies which follow from sinful indulgence. But unless Catholics make themselves acquainted with the activities of various organizations now at work in the country, and with the intervention of the State through the Ministry of Health and the local authorities, it may easily come about that the whole question of the cure and the prevention of venereal disease will be dealt with primarily and mainly from the point of view of medical opinion, without reference to the grave moral issues involved in such action.

It is difficult to procure exact statistics of the incidence of the disease, but it may be stated that Dr. Douglas White, in his evidence to the Royal Commission, asserted that no less than 800,000 fresh cases are estimated to occur in the United Kingdom each year, all of them apt to have serious consequences, but 114,000 of them of the

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gravest possible type. Recent evidence given by Mr. Charles Gibbs, F.R.C.S., Surgeon of Lock Hospitals, shows that at the London Lock Hospital the attendances have increased from 30,000 a year before the war to 100,000 at present, and the same authority stated that at this hospital more than half the women patients have been infected by their husbands. These figures point to a very widespread national evil, and it is too much to hope that none of our people become victims of the disease. Those who have to attend lock hospitals and the lock wards of poor law institutions and naval and military hospitals are well aware that a considerable number of our people contract the disease, and even though the general standard of chastity is higher among Catholics than the rest of the community, it must not be forgotten that a great many Catholic women marry non-Catholics, and thereby incur risk of being infected by men whose previous life has not been pure. That terrible sentence of Dr. Gibbs, "more than half the women have been infected by their husbands," makes us realize very vividly the risks wives have to run. Therefore I maintain that the matter is a domestic one for us, and that we have to take interest in it, not merely from the point of view of the well-being of the community in general, but also from the point of view of the health and domestic happiness of our men, women and children.

The consequence to adults of contracting venereal disease are described so fully in many publications easily obtainable by all that I shall not deal with them at any length. Among them may be mentioned paralysis, locomotor ataxia and insanity. Medical authorities declare that very many of the inmates of our lunatic asylums are there as the result of this disease, and it is held as most probable that many cases of suicide are due to depression resulting from this terrible malady.

But while one has sympathy for the sufferings of those who have contracted the disease by sinful indulgence, and is anxious that all facilities for treatment should be afforded to them, one's greatest sympathy must always

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be for those innocent victims who have been infected by others through no fault of their own. Pure women are infected by erring husbands and the consequences to themselves and their offspring are awful and far-reaching. Not only is it a matter of contracting a loathsome and persistent malady, but the unhappy woman thus affected may even after the disease has been got rid of, find herself afflicted with ill-health as a sequel to this abominable contagion. It is estimated that 20 per cent. of all the "diseases of women" are directly traceable to venereal disease.

But if the case of the innocent wife infected by her husband is hard, how shall that of her innocent and diseased offspring be adequately described? What shall we say of the congenital idiots, the deaf and stupid children, the miserable wasting babies that are the outcome of contagion conveyed to their mothers by their fathers? Who can read the following without being moved to the utmost compassion for these innocent sufferers? "24 per cent. of the cases of blindness in children are also due to gonorrhœa of parental origin, while 31 per cent. are due to inherited syphilis, making a total of 55 per cent. resulting from the combined venereal diseases." (*The Dangers of the Venereal Diseases*, by Charles J. Macalister, M.D.) Dr. George M. Kober asserts that nearly half the still-births that occur are due to syphilis and that more than half the children of syphilitics die before birth or very soon afterwards. Think of what these bereaved mothers have had to endure only to give birth to a lifeless body—sometimes nothing more than a mass of decayed human flesh—or to see the child they have borne pine away and die before their eyes. Perhaps the sterilizing effect of gonorrhœa is more merciful, the woman in many cases becomes barren and can have no more children.

One other point must be mentioned, viz., that the disease may be communicated to others even without intercourse. A kiss on the lips from a diseased person, especially with a sore in or near the mouth, can convey the contagion; and a touch or a kiss elsewhere may be

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equally contagious if the skin of the healthy person be broken at the point of contact. Public lavatories, unless properly cleansed after use, are most dangerous. A very sad case of a young girl contracting the disease by a visit to one was related to me by a lady doctor of high standing. Thus it is plain that a diseased person is a danger to others and especially to those who are young and ignorant of these matters.

Therefore it follows that it is the duty of those who have exposed themselves to infection, or who have contracted the disease, to get themselves disinfected or cured as quickly as possible. This especially applies to married persons of both sexes and to those about to be married. Such people will in the ordinary course contaminate other persons unless proper medical treatment is obtained without delay.

This brings one to the vexed question of prevention of the disease. Up to a certain point I think all will be in agreement, but there are certain methods of prevention advocated by some about which there is wide divergence of opinion. Everyone will admit that if a person of either sex has contracted the disease, or has been exposed to risk of infection, he or she should seek proper medical treatment at once. The character of the infection is such as to make it imperative to have disinfectant methods applied with the least possible delay. Medical testimony is quite emphatic that treatment is successful if promptly applied. The urgency is such that without exaggeration one may say it is not a matter of hours but of minutes. In the case of married people or those about to be married, the obligation to get disinfected or cured is even greater than for those who are unmarried or not engaged.

Therefore it is necessary that means for being disinfected or cured should be available to all as far as possible, and that no quack practitioners should be employed by those needing treatment.

The rich can always obtain the aid of a private medical attendant, but it is not so with the mass of the population, who for want of means will have recourse to quack reme-

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dies unless proper treatment is provided at hospitals or other places free of charge. Much has been done to meet the need in the last few years, and in many towns it is possible to get free treatment after the disease has been contracted. In one or two towns facilities are provided free of charge by the local authority for disinfection at any time after exposure to the risk of contagion. It will be admitted that there is a distinction between the provision of free treatment after the disease has been contracted, and the provision of facilities for disinfection immediately after illicit intercourse. It is true that some who take the extreme view maintain that a man must suffer the consequences to his body of the sin he has committed, and such persons hold that the provision of free and adequate treatment is an inducement to the wrong-doer to persist in vice. But most people will take the view that treatment should be available for all who have contracted the disease, having regard not only to the consequences to the wrong-doer, but also to the contagion which may be spread among the innocent. There will, however, be a wide difference of opinion as to the expediency of free means of disinfection being provided by the local authorities for all who wish to have recourse to them soon after committing sin. It will be argued that these centres are not really intended for the treatment of disease, but only to provide means of disinfection for men (none are provided for women) who have voluntarily exposed themselves to the risk of disease. But if disinfectant methods are to be generally adopted by those who put themselves in danger of contracting disease, it is obvious that unless disinfecting centres are available throughout the country, and especially in the towns, some other means will have to be devised. And even were centres provided in many places there will always be a considerable number of people who will not use them out of fear of loss of reputation, or for other reasons. Medical authorities therefore advise those who cannot obtain skilled aid to disinfect themselves by means of washing and the application of easily obtained disinfect-

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ants as soon as possible after intercourse, but if these are to be applied without delay when needed, it follows they must be at hand and in many cases actually carried about by the person. This means that they must be procured in advance, kept in case they are needed, and even carried in the pocket. Clearly this raises a moral issue which requires very careful consideration and about which there is great difference of opinion. Those who regard prevention of disease purely from a medical and public health standpoint naturally urge that the fullest facilities for disinfection, whether at a centre or by the person himself or herself, should always be available. Such methods will lessen the spread of the disease, therefore let their use be universal, is their dictum. The moral issue in their view is a secondary consideration, if, indeed, it is admitted at all as entering into the case. It is not that they are against people being exhorted on religious or moral grounds to abstain from illicit intercourse, but they consider that in dealing with the prevention and the cure of the disease sanitary methods are the paramount consideration, and nothing must be allowed to interfere with their use. There are those, however, who would go still further, and not content with urging disinfection as soon as possible after exposure, would provide the means of protecting against contagion by the use of certain substances before intercourse. This means in practice that not only must a person have the substances at hand, but that they must be deliberately used before illicit intercourse. It is clear that this is going much further than making provision for disinfection should sinful indulgence occur. In the extreme case the person applies protective substances to the body at a given time, either with the intention of committing the sin very soon, or at least of going into surroundings where temptation will be very strong, and resistance to it unlikely. We have, therefore, three cases to consider: The case of the man who has a disinfecting centre close at hand to which he may go immediately after sinning; the case of persons of both sexes who may have by them, and even carry

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about with them, the means of disinfection, after sinful indulgence; and thirdly, the case of persons of both sexes who provide themselves with protective substances which are to be used before unlawful intercourse.

As has already been said, there are some who would cordially approve of all these methods because they are likely to lessen the spread of disease if intelligently employed. There are others who would sanction the use of disinfectants after the event, but would forbid their use before intercourse. These latter may be divided into two classes, those who would discountenance such methods on moral grounds, and those who question their medical efficacy. These would point out that it is very difficult to instruct most people by means of printed directions, and that only an actual demonstration of the use of the disinfectants is likely to bring about their proper use. They would further urge that many people at the time of exposure to infection are under the influence of drink, and therefore incapable of self-disinfection. Here a word must be said about the effect on people's minds of the removal of the fear of the terrible consequences to themselves and to others entailed by contracting the disease. It is held by competent authorities that the fear of pregnancy and the fear of contracting disease are the two great deterrents which restrain young unmarried people from unlawful intercourse. The spread of knowledge as to methods of preventing conception has largely eliminated the first ground of fear, and it is contended that disinfection, if successful, and even curative treatment of disease when contracted—now so much improved—will largely get rid of the second ground of fear. Once the element of fear disappears then inevitably the volume of sinful intercourse will largely increase, and if the volume increases the spread of the disease will also increase, because in spite of every effort to induce them to take precautions a large number of people, through ignorance or carelessness or intemperance, will neglect to use disinfectants after exposure to contagion.

There are some who will take up the attitude that fear

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is an unworthy motive, and that its elimination may be viewed with equanimity. Probably they so argue because they are forced to admit that any methods which give the sinner a sort of guarantee that he will escape the disease, practically get rid of the fear of ill-consequences to himself from sinful indulgence. Thus they are forced to decry fear as a moral motive for abstaining from wrongdoing, although with strange inconsistency some who take up this attitude would support legislation making it an offence for one person to infect another with venereal disease. The Sexual Offences Bill of 1920 proposed penalties for such an offence up to two years imprisonment with hard labour. If that is not an appeal to fear it is difficult to understand the intentions of those who proposed such penalties in order to prevent the communication of disease.

The whole question, it must be admitted, is exceedingly difficult and complex. Every effort to check the spread of disease by means of curative or disinfectant treatment must to some extent lessen the fear—always more or less present to the sinner—of contracting a loathsome malady. If one adopts the *laissez-faire* attitude and leaves the wrong-doer to his fate, as it were, then inevitably the spread of disease will increase, and more and more innocent victims will be infected. One shrinks from any action which will seem to take it for granted that people are going to sin, and sin frequently, and that the only thing to be done is to protect them from incurring disease, or get them cured as quickly as possible should they have contracted it. These are grave questions of public policy, exceedingly difficult to decide, yet they must be faced if there is to be any consistent policy adopted by the public authorities in the matter. For Catholics the religious appeal must always be in the first and most important place, because we realize that only the grace of God can enable human beings to control their passions, and also because it is permanent in its influence. But at the same time no Catholic would reject secondary motives for chastity, such as fear of evil

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consequences to the body, and the less selfish motive, fear of communicating disease to others. But when it comes to the question of the practical methods to be adopted for the prevention of disease, the whole question becomes exceedingly perplexing. On the one hand there are the terrible evils that exist. On the other there is the danger of lessening the religious and moral appeal to the human conscience by the State seeming to take it for granted that a large section of the population will indulge in illicit intercourse.

It is quite certain that the mere provision of preventives without any appeal to the moral and religious sense of the individual must tend to lessen resistance to temptation, and to the adoption of the view that such practices are quite in the natural order of things, and for many people really unavoidable.

Although medical authorities differ as to the degree of safety obtainable by the use of disinfectants either before or after intercourse, it is admitted that if skilfully applied they will lessen the danger of contagion. It is this sense of comparative security that will operate powerfully in the minds of many people, and unless the appeal to the conscience is constantly kept in prominence, unlawful intercourse will undoubtedly increase as a result of the dissemination of knowledge of these matters. The question, however, of public policy must be kept distinct from the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the use of disinfectants by the individual, and on this phase of the subject Catholics must look to the Church for guidance. Put in the concrete, it will be asked whether a Catholic may procure disinfectant substances for use before unlawful intercourse? Does such action in itself form an intention of sinning even in persons who do not, as it were, set out to sin, but know from experience that they may find themselves in surroundings of extreme temptation? Or may a Catholic procure and have at hand disinfectants for use immediately after sinful intercourse? Does such provision in advance of the need involve sinful intention? These are not theoretical questions, but practical matters

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which call for authoritative decision by the Church. It will be held most probably that any Catholic may have recourse to a disinfecting centre after sinning, if one is at hand, and that simple methods of self-disinfection involving no previous preparation may be used once the sin has been committed. Yet so involved is the moral issue that a man living near a centre may have his resistance to temptation lessened by the knowledge that he can obtain skilled treatment at any time. This may be an argument against such centres being provided by the public authorities, but it can hardly be urged that a man is guilty of sin if he intends to make use of the centre in the event of his having unlawful intercourse. If, however, a Catholic may make no provision against contagion by the use of disinfectants after the event, except some minor method such as ablution, one is forced to the conclusion that there remains nothing to be done except to wait for the appearance of the disease if the body has been infected. That may easily mean that others will be infected by the victim of the disease, and that a very long period of treatment may be required before the body becomes healthy, or at least non-infectious.

The more the subject is studied the more complex it becomes. On the one hand there are the unhappy people who commit sins of impurity with more or less frequency, among them many married persons, and on the other boys and girls in their early teens, whose whole attitude towards sexual matters may be affected by public action taken to prevent disease. It may seem illogical to hold that an individual may take certain precautions against consequences of his sinful act, and yet to maintain that public authorities may not spread knowledge as to preventive methods and provide facilities for obtaining disinfectants. The difficulty is that outside the Catholic Church people are not dealt with singly as in the confessional, and all the circumstances of the individual case taken into consideration. It is quite certain that for a man who has not yielded to temptation to impurity to provide himself with prophylactic or disinfectant sub-

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stances would amount to forming an intention of deliberately committing sin. Whereas a sailor usually on board ship, who comes ashore with his messmates in search of amusement, or a soldier quartered away from home, going out on leave into a strange town, is frequently projected into surroundings of temptation, including the influence of strong drink and the proximity of loose women, which make resistance to impure temptation of the utmost difficulty. Many such men know from experience that they frequently fall when in such surroundings. Yet it is morally impossible for them to keep apart from their fellows and refuse to associate with them in their pleasures, some of which may be perfectly innocent. Among such there will be married men, and they will ask, and they do ask, whether they will be doing wrong if they provide themselves with disinfectants to be used after the event should they be guilty of sinful intercourse.

If not, should they sin they will probably become infected, and in the case of married men on their return home they will probably infect their wives. The priest in the confessional cannot evade these serious questions. He must be able to give definite guidance to his penitents. In the hope that the matter will be fully discussed by competent authorities in all its bearings I have ventured to dwell on these grave but unpleasant topics at considerable length. It is not for me as a simple priest to attempt to decide the grave moral issues involved in the problem of preventing venereal disease. Its disappearance or even notable diminution would be one of the greatest material blessings that could be conferred upon the world. Moral questions are also involved ; at present thousands of homes are made unhappy through this evil, husbands and wives are separated, children are infected, and a loathsome topic of conversation is provided for the evil-minded. Some of your readers may know that it is a widespread superstition among the lower classes that venereal disease may be got rid of by a man through intercourse with a virgin. This terrible error is responsible for numerous assaults upon women and girls, and even children

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of tender years of both sexes. I am told that the assaults by coloured men upon white females in the United States are mostly due to the same cause. With such terrible facts before us, we Catholics must face the question and come to a clear decision as to the action which may be taken by individuals, and the principles which should govern public policy in extirpating this evil from our midst.*

Since the above was written Lord Knutsford stated in the House of Lords, as follows: "The figures of venereal disease in this country are almost too great to be believed. At the London Hospital alone we had 23,000 new cases last year; that was four times the number we had a few years ago. The same increase is going on now. It is impossible any longer to do nothing. We must do something."

W. F. BROWN.

* *Vide Prevention of Venereal Disease*, Report of the Special Committee, London: Williams and Norgate, 1921.

Venereal Disease, by Dr. Marie Stopes (Putnams).

Prostitution. The Catholic Social Guild (P. S. King).

Parliamentary Debates, House of Lords, March 16th, 1921, Vol. 44 to 45, Special Committee on Venereal Diseases.

SOVIET RUSSIA AND POLAND

HISTORY never repeats herself in detail, but she is constantly repeating herself in broad outline. It was inevitable that the Russian Revolution should suggest parallels with the French, and frequent allusions have been made by writers on the subject to the Jacobins, the Reign of Terror and the Committee of Public Safety. But these allusions have generally been made by way of illustrations of this point or that; the true lessons of the French Revolution for the reading of the future do not appear to have been studied with sufficient care. Now the French Revolution was essentially the outcome of a new idea—the idea of the *Contrat Social* which found expression in the formula—one might almost say the catchwords—of *Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité*. The seed was no doubt sown in a soil ready to receive it; the people, ground down by the tyranny of the aristocracy, were eager to accept a doctrine which promised to recognize them as free human beings and to treat them no longer as brutes and slaves. It was watered with blood—the blood not only of the victims of the Terror but of those thousands who fell in the defence of the great Idea and who fought on the other side in defence of the long established principle of Monarchy. The struggle lasted for at least five years from 1789 to 1794, during which committees and governments and rulers succeeded one another with startling rapidity, in the endeavour to arrive at some settled form of constitution under which the nation might live again. And all the while France was threatened with the danger, sometimes actual, sometimes potential, of invasion from without and of civil war within her borders. For the foreign nations who were leagued against her fought not for any specific cause of quarrel, but for the maintenance of the established order and the preservation of old institutions. But the new idea triumphed in the end. The old order struggled

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long from the instinct of self-preservation ; England after her fashion preferred the more stable method of evolution, and avoiding the more violent road of revolution was transformed gradually from a democratic monarchy into a monarchical democracy. Prussia and Austria and Russia, respite by the failure of Napoleon's attempt to dominate Europe, nevertheless became gradually infected with the doctrines of the French Revolution ; and if the republican principle has prevailed in the first two Empires chiefly because of the pressure of the Western Powers, there can be little doubt that its adherents have for some time past been gathering force and influence.

The triumph of the revolutionary ideas in spite of resistance by the champions of existing institutions is the first great lesson of the French Revolution and it is sufficiently startling. It is true that the new ideas had not laid hold of the nations, and the three great reactionary monarchs succeeded without difficulty in maintaining their authority within their own dominions. But this is changed now. The curtain went up in 1914 on a much larger stage. Economic conditions changed rapidly for the worse in every country in Europe ; and with the modern system of disseminating news every nation had some idea, more or less clear, of what the others were doing. Thus the new ideas of the Russian Revolution which we call Bolshevism found a ready entry into every country in Europe, and though some seed may have fallen among thorns and others upon stony ground, yet here and there in more fertile patches among certain sections of the population some have germinated. It is not suggested here that the ideas of the French or the Russian Revolution were either good or bad ; history, by pointing to the victory of the first, indicates what we may expect in the case of the second.

And the next lesson that history teaches us is one of time. It took France about six years to emerge from the chaos of the first upheaval into something like orderly government. France had already become a formidable menace by 1799 and in seven years more had overthrown

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the best armies of all those Empires. Russia has so far had some four years since the Tsar was deposed; and those who imagined that her state of anarchy of two or three years ago must be chronic, have apparently forgotten the lesson of France, and if they point to civil war as the basis of their belief, would it not have been sufficient to remind them of La Vendée and Laroche-jaquelin? History, as we said, does not repeat details, but it is of no use to blink the fact that the Russian Revolution has, in this matter of time also, run a course strikingly similar to that of its great prototype.

L'Union fait la Force is the motto of Belgium. Had France in 1789-90 been opposed by a united Germany such as arose in 1870, or such as we saw only the other day, a halt might have been called to the revolutionary principles, if only for a time; for having regard to what happened after 1815, it is improbable that an Austro-Prussian victory at Valmy or Jemappes would have given the Revolution its *coup-de-grâce*. Yet the statesmen of Versailles have proceeded upon the opposite principle. Upon the specious plea of self-determination, which is too often based upon a superficial conception of nationality, they have divided up Europe into a mass of small weak States—Hungary, Rumania, Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia—not one of which can act as a check upon the two great Eastern Powers, Russia and Germany. Two of these States deserve peculiar mention—Austria and Poland. The break-up of the Austrian Empire, so long held together only by the tradition of the Holy Roman Empire and the authority of the Habsburgs, has left German Austria a small weak State, ripe for annexation to Germany with or without the consent of the people, as soon as Germany is in a position to ignore the veto of the Allies upon this particular example of self-determination. What that would mean one can only conjecture; neither perhaps is it relevant to our subject; it is sufficient to point to the position of Bohemia on the map and to the great inducement it would offer to a strong and ambitious people to force its way to the sea either to the

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east or more probably to the south. We are, however, more directly concerned with Poland.

If Poland is the "lynch pin" of the Treaty of Versailles, that instrument must have been a very flimsy vehicle from the outset. We may do the authors of the Treaty the justice to believe that in restoring Poland to its place in the comity of nations they were not only carrying out the principles of self-determination, but were also doing their best to repair the wrong done in the Eighteenth Century. Nevertheless no such altruism can be attributed to the idea of a buffer State, which the Allies, and especially France, desired to set up between Russia and Germany, and which is in fact the aforesaid "lynch pin." A buffer State may be useful to others, particularly if it is strong; if it is weak, the rôle of buffer is an unenviable one. But how did anyone suppose that Poland could be other than weak? Belgium was the buffer State between France and Germany, and yet in spite of her superior geographical position we all know how she has fared. But putting aside the obvious criticism that Poland has neither natural frontiers nor an adequate seaboard, the very facts of her history surely disclose her essential weakness. You cannot set up suddenly a strong State, when that State has had no native government for more than a century: you cannot expect a strong democracy from a State which, though called a Republic, never knew any government from the extinction of the house of Jagiello except the turbulent oligarchy of the nobles.

Save for the reign of John Sobieski, the decline of Poland began in the Seventeenth Century and continued right up to the First Partition in 1772. The idea of a partition is attributed to Charles Gustavus of Sweden, and though the country had a respite, the very fact that it should have been contemplated at all shows to what extent the once mighty Poland had suffered decay. When the Partition actually came the dying Poland was a prey ready for the wolves who devoured her. Her worst foes were they of her own household. Political priests, turbulent nobles, an alien trading class, and oppressed

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peasants combined to make the task of rejuvenation a hopeless one. The despairing effort of the last Polish King Stanislaus Poniatowski were frustrated by the mischievous confederation of Targowica; and the laudable attempt to revise the Constitution was prevented not only by the activities of Polish factions but by the direct interference of Frederick William II of Prussia, who supported his claim to interfere by armed force. Such was the view of self-determination in those days when a foreign king refused to permit a neighbouring country even to revise its own Constitution without his consent. Such is apparently the view to-day when it is whispered that Russia is insisting on a Soviet Government for Poland!

These few facts of Polish history are necessary to a full understanding of the position to-day; one or two dates from European history are required to complete the picture. In 1657 the Great Elector was released from his feudal obligations to Poland. In 1709 the battle of Poltava announced that the leadership of the north had passed from Sweden to Russia. Poland, mighty as long as Russia to the east could not move and as long as Brandenburg to the west was but an insignificant Electorate, saw herself faced in her weakness by two of the strongest Powers in Europe. She could not resist then; what hope is there of her resistance now? For the Treaty of Versailles is not for to-day or to-morrow; it was surely intended to be a settlement for the future. Germany, broken by the war, but still united, is a power to be reckoned with, to be feared, an infinitely stronger foe than ever Prussia was in her early days: Russia, forced to the humiliation of the Brest Litovsk treaty, and convulsed by her own revolution, is reviving with a strength far greater than that of Peter. Behind both lies the tradition of the sovereignty of over a century—a sovereignty which was only relinquished at the command of the victors. And between them lies unhappy Poland, the tradition of servitude behind her, her way to the sea all but blocked, ready to become again the prey of the two Powers in alliance or their battleground in conflict.

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But it may be asked of what use is it to hark back to past centuries? The world of 1921 is not the world of 1820 nor even the world of 1900. New nations are finding their national consciousness, and with it the enthusiasms which belong particularly to democracy; new ideas have been sown and to some extent have taken root, which were unknown to the Congress of Vienna. The restoration of Poland, moreover, is not analogous to the creation of a new State; it is merely the removal of a monstrous injustice, the atonement for a terrible crime, committed, or at least completed, not much more than a century ago. Threatened and oppressed in their own country, their language officially condemned and their institutions obliterated, exiled to Siberia and scattered over Europe, where the lower orders at least have been treated with contumely, the Poles have never, in spite of all their misfortunes, lost their national consciousness. What right then have we to assert that in these changed conditions Poland cannot flourish once more? In the first place no new or renovated State has ever been firmly established which has not achieved its own salvation. Search the map to-day and you will not find a single State which has been set up by others and yet has flourished. America, Spain, Italy, France, England and Germany are what they are through their own exertions; the experiments which Napoleon made in the reconstruction of Europe lasted only as long as their creator. They included, be it remarked, the Duchy of Warsaw, which might have given the Poles a chance to recover something of their ancient grandeur had the Congress of Vienna been actuated by more liberal motives. Moreover, the Partitions were the result not of the violent conquest of a living State, such as occasioned the disappearance of Carthage, but of the calculated vivisection of a moribund kingdom, whose courts were corrupt, whose nobility was factious and whose Constitution included the preposterous *Liberum Veto*. The Poles have to think away the Germanisms of Posen, the Russianisms of Warsaw and the Austrianisms of Galicia, as well as their own ancient

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Constitution, and to model their present upon what they may have learned from England, France, and America. Next it is not the fact that the Polish character has changed. M. Waliszewski, who, one supposes, knows something of his own countrymen, describes them as natural politicians—"des politiciens nés"—but liable to theatrical, if not to hysterical, expression. "L'agitation stérile," he says, "me répugnait, autant que les gestes démonstratifs où, à tout propos et le plus souvent hors de tout propos, elle cherchait à s'exprimer." From the picture he draws of the Polish nobility of to-day one gathers that the nobility are in heart as far removed as ever from the bourgeoisie and the peasantry, though the misfortunes through which they have all passed and their common subjection to foreign rule may have drawn them together superficially. Even in the supreme hour of Warsaw's agony we read that the Government dared not leave the place lest a rival Government should be set up immediately, and that the regiments on whom the country's future depends were drawn from particular classes or factions, White Guards and Red Guards, Socialist regiments and Christian Labour regiments. Marshal Pilsudski, one fears, is not a Sobieski or a Kosciuszko, still less a Stephen Batory. No one doubts the bravery of the Poles, no one doubts their passionate patriotism, but as in the case of the confederation of Targowica, one fears the effect of the cross-currents of faction jealousies. As the *Times* correspondent said: "They do not seem to understand that patriotism which connotes subordination of self or party to the common welfare."

Lest it should appear that the view here taken betrays a lack of sympathy with a much tried and suffering people, let it be remarked at once that the question is one not of sympathy but of practical politics. It is the instinct of every Anglo-Saxon to take the side of the weaker nation: there is not one of us who does not sympathize with Polish aspirations, or who does not recognize that Poland is the victim of a great wrong; not one who would not rejoice to see her take her place in Europe once more and stand

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forth as a real bulwark of European peace. But can this be done ?

Now there are three possible combinations of the two great Powers, Russia and Germany, and only three, in which Poland is essentially concerned. They may be in alliance, they may be antagonistic or they may be neutral ; a fourth possibility, that one or other of them might be allied with some third Power—that the Franco-Russian alliance, for example, might be revived, or that Germany might join the Entente (stranger things have happened in history)—need not be considered, for in that case the menace to the peace of Europe is greatly diminished. But Poland is the victim, far more than ever was Germany, of a chronic "Einkreisung." Her single outlet to the sea is the port of Danzig, and she can be approached from the south only through neutral and possibly hostile territory. So long as Russia and Germany remain neutral, so long will the State of Poland be allowed to exist on sufferance, for it is much to be feared that in spite of the League of Nations, which for the present is merely the continuation of the *status quo* by the Allied and Associated Powers, modified by the secession of America, neutrality in the present electric atmosphere only means a state of suspense which might at any time develop into hostility or ripen into an Alliance. But if Russia and Germany were to go to war, the first move on either side would probably be to seize the port of Danzig, so as to prevent or to admit foreign assistance according to the circumstances of the case. In any case, however, no foreign Power would take the risk of landing troops with such a precarious line of communication except in alliance with one or other belligerent. Whatever happened, Poland is bound to become the battleground of such a war. She might, it is true, remain in the position of a neutral buffer State guaranteed by such another "scrap of paper " as was so readily torn up in the Wilhelmstrasse, but with or without guarantees, whatever that blessed word may mean, she must be in a very precarious position. Does anyone except the most extreme idealist

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suppose that Germany acquiesces in the loss of Posen or Soviet Russia in the loss of Warsaw? If peace comes at any time on terms dictated from Moscow, Poland will be left defenceless and her value as a buffer State will be exactly the value of a sand dyke against the sea. And if her independence is conceded by Moscow it is merely another case of the old maxim, *Reculer pour mieux sauter*. If on the other hand she finds it too risky to trust to her neutrality and her scrap of paper, she must for her own sake join one or other belligerent and find herself the slave or the abject dependent of the victor. We do not forget the possibility of a diversion elsewhere—by France or Rumania against Germany, or by Japan against Russia, or by the effective blockade of the British fleet—but this is to premise another world conflagration which is exactly what Polish independence is supposed to prevent.

If, again, the danger is that Russia will join hands with Germany over the prostrate body of Poland, what is to prevent her? Alliances do not depend on contiguity of boundary; did not Francis I ally himself with the Turk? Was not the Franco-Russian Alliance the keystone of European peace in the face of the Triple Alliance? If Germany really means to adopt the Bolshevik programme and is prepared to fight for those ideals or, at any rate, in a manner more congenial to her traditional diplomacy, to use those ideals for her own aggrandisement, the existence of an independent Poland, outwardly democratic, yet even outwardly not yet advanced to the seventh heaven of Socialism, will neither curb her ambition nor prevent her alliance with Soviet Russia. There is no use denying that such an alliance would be a menace to the world, greater even than the peril of German Weltmacht, the ghost of which we thought we had laid. But it is difficult to see how the independence of Poland is any real safeguard against such a menace.

The French, no doubt, since the breakdown of the Russian Alliance, have looked to Poland as a substitute for their Eastern counterpoise to German ambitions, but it is surely axiomatic that the Poland contemplated must

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be a strong one. A State strong enough to keep Germany and Russia asunder, to become a real factor in European diplomacy and to exercise an effective veto on any conspiracy against the liberties of the world, might well be a pillar of European peace; a State so weak as to invite the attack of her own inveterate enemies cannot but be a broken reed and may be worse. For it may, and conceivably will, land Western Europe in entanglements from which it will tax the skill of statesmen to extricate her—entanglements not merely of the external military kind but of the internal social kind also, for on this very question of Poland, which has arisen as it were on the very threshold of the peace, Soviet England (by whatever name it may choose to disguise itself) and Soviet France, its counterpart or perhaps its prototype, are seeking to dictate their own terms and to tie the hands of the Government on the specious though demonstrably false plea of the fraternity of Soviet Russia. Is then a strong Poland a fantastic dream? That depends upon circumstances and especially upon time. If the peace could have been guaranteed to last for thirty years, the answer would be No, for in that time the Poles might have learned something of the art of government and organization, and might have had a chance to consolidate themselves—in a too familiar phrase, to dig themselves in. But since the peace is already broken before a stable Government has had time so much as to get firmly seated in the saddle, the answer must be Yes. And in that case what becomes of the plea that an independent Poland is essential to the peace of Europe and the lynch pin of the Versailles Treaty? An independent Poland is essential to the fulfilment of honour and justice and common humanity; how it is necessary in present conditions to the peace of Europe it is difficult to understand.

The purposes of Soviet Russia have been a matter of much speculation. But if she follows the law which history has established in the case of new-found nationalities or systems, she will tend to be aggressive. In this respect, however, her activities are to be looked for

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rather in the East than in the West. Once secure on her Western frontier, either by the crushing of Poland or by keeping her quiet with the grant of independence on sufferance, she will be able to concentrate all her attention to expansion in the East, unless she is led away by the vision of forcing the rule of Communism as she understands it upon the rest of Europe. And in the East there is plenty of material for such activity—material, too, which is of vital importance to the British Empire, with its new obligations in the form of mandates in the Middle East. India itself is probably not in danger in a military sense; the menace there is rather from propaganda working upon a highly excitable people, who are intoxicated already with their imported theories of democracy and self-determination. The same cannot be said of Mesopotamia or of Persia, and the somewhat shadowy position of Britain in these regions, acting as the Mandatary of a somewhat shadowy League of Nations, is not calculated to make the task of maintaining her prestige any easier. But this is to pry too far into the future. In the unstable equilibrium of Europe he would be rash who ventured to speculate about anything but the immediate present.

STANLEY RICE.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND THE HAT

AT the centenary of the American Hierarchy in Baltimore, November, 1889, Archbishop Ireland preached a sermon in the Cathedral upon the future work of the Catholic Church in the United States. He said :

The watchwords of the age are reason, education, liberty, the amelioration of the masses.

Archbishop Ireland's influence was not limited by the boundary lines of his own country, nor by his own preferences for a Republic. He maintained that, as every good Catholic must first of all serve God, he can perform this service under any form of government—striving always to uphold Religion and Morality and defending his faith against persecution and injustice. This was the advice given to French Catholics by Leo XIII; and Archbishop Ireland strove to convince French Catholics of its expediency.

After his famous eulogy of Jeanne d'Arc, delivered in French in the beautiful cathedral at Orleans on April 7th, 1899, Archbishop Ireland made us a visit in Brussels, where my husband was at that time American Minister. His presence in a Kingdom, and coming directly from a country where he had uttered panegyrics upon a Republican form of government, was at first looked upon with some apprehension, especially as he was going to make an address in a great public hall. Never have I seen such enthusiasm. As the light fell upon his head, the resemblance to General Washington, which I had often noticed, came out in his brow and chin, emphasizing his benignity and resolution. From the first sentence he held the audience spell-bound, for the eloquent address was an appeal to *loyalty*, emphasizing his favourite axiom : "A good Catholic *must* be a good citizen !" King Leopold was so pleased with the address, and also with the

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reception given by Archbishop Ireland and James J. Hill (President of the Northern Pacific Railway) to Prince Albert at St. Paul upon his recent visit to the United States, that he bade the Archbishop to a dinner-party in the Royal Palace at Laeken. Prince Albert dined with us also to meet the Archbishop at the Legation, although, according to diplomatic regulations, Royalty dines only at Embassies. I remember, that evening, a most graceful act on the part of the tall and very handsome Prince Albert. I was about to lead the way with him to the dining-room, when the Prince paused and waved his hand to the Archbishop to precede us. "C'est un Prince de l'Eglise," he said. We have never forgotten that night. The Prince and his aide-de-camp, Colonel Jungblut, who had accompanied him to the United States, were the only guests. Archbishop Ireland was wonderful, and we all listened.

The Archbishop's friends in France and in Belgium, as well as those in the United States, desired to see him raised to the cardinalate, and were indefatigable in their efforts to obtain for him this honour. They were convinced (just as his friends in America had been) that the Archbishop's power and eloquence had a world-wide scope, not only to advance the interests of the Catholic Church, but to fight the great battle of all Christian civilization against anarchy and false socialism.

Foremost among his champions in America, Catholic and Protestant, was Theodore Roosevelt, whose friendship for Archbishop Ireland began when he first came to Washington as Civil Service Commissioner. It was based upon admiration for the Archbishop as an American citizen and patriot, and the great service which he rendered in supporting law, order and morality.

Archbishop Ireland was President of the Catholic Temperance Association, and, as a young priest, fought against the prevalent vice of drunkenness. He was an army chaplain during our civil war, and often attended the wounded and dying on battlefields and under fire. "By Jove," said Theodore Roosevelt, "he

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is the only bishop who wears the badge of the Loyal Legion." When the great strike of the Pullman Company men broke out in Chicago, and President Cleveland was asked to send Federal troops to enforce order, Archbishop Ireland went down to Chicago from St. Paul, made an address to the working-men, and brought the strike to an end. A prominent Presbyterian minister, Mr. Campbell of Ohio, said to me at the time: "I consider Archbishop Ireland one of our greatest American patriots." It was for this reason, and not in the least for a mere personal honour, that Archbishop Ireland's friends, Catholic and Protestant, were actively interested in having him named a Cardinal. Catholics knew that it would help the prosperity of the Church in America, and Protestants that it would promote the highest aims of patriotism; "A good Catholic," as the Archbishop used to say, "*must* be a good citizen."

Mr. Roosevelt clearly explains (in a letter written April 30th, 1900, when he was Governor of New York) the position of a fair-minded Protestant, giving his own account of his opinions, and the reasons for his active interest in trying to bring about a distinction for Archbishop Ireland, which he was convinced would be of advantage to the American Government—especially (as he says) in the Philippines. The letter is interesting and characteristic, so I quote it in full:

My dear Mrs. Storer,—

I have just received your letter.

I need not say what a pleasure it would be for me to do anything I can for Archbishop Ireland. You know how high a regard I have always felt for him. He represents the type of Catholicism which, in my opinion, must prevail in the United States if the Catholic Church is to attain its full measure of power and usefulness with our people and under our form of government. I absolutely agree with what Judge Taft says in his letter to you of March 20th, in relation to that part of this problem which affects the Philippines. But the problem as a whole affects the United States as a whole. A reactionary or in any way anti-American spirit in ecclesiastical affairs would in America in the

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long run result in disaster just as certainly as a similar course in political affairs. I may add that the bigoted opponents of Catholicism are those who are most anxious to see the triumph within the ranks of Catholicism of this reactionary spirit, and the throwing out of men who have shown a broad liberalism and Americanism in policy. It is only fair, in response to your letter, that I should write you fully and frankly of my appreciation of Archbishop Ireland and of my firm conviction that the real future of the Catholic Church in America rests with those who, in the main, work along his lines.

You may be interested to know of the large percentage of Catholics, without exception men standing as high in capacity as in integrity, whom I have placed upon the various important commissions in this State.

So much for the part of my letter that is in direct answer to the main part of yours. I do not know whether it will be of any assistance or not, but I hope so. I need not tell you that it is a pleasure to write it, or to do anything else that you desire me to do, if in my power. You must have a very hard time at Madrid, and I earnestly hope that the signal devotion to the good of the country which you and Bellamy have shown will result in its proper reward, and in your being transferred in the not distant future to Rome, or better still to Paris. Here I am occupied in trying not to be made vice-presidential candidate. I prefer to try for the Governorship again. Whether I will be beaten or not I cannot tell. I suppose I should certainly be beaten if it were not a presidential year. But this year there is a good chance of carrying the Governorship too. Whether it is more than an even chance I should be afraid to say.

Edith had a lovely three weeks' trip in Cuba. It did her good to be away from the children, the house and myself, and she came back looking just like a girl. Young McIlhenny, the Louisiana planter who was a lieutenant in my regiment, went with her, and also her sister. Wood, of course, did everything he could for them, sent them around on transports, and had them stay at the Palace with him. In Santiago they went over all our line of march as well as the battlefield—or skirmish ground, whichever you choose to call it. The children are all in fine spirits.

With love to Bellamy.

Always faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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An earlier letter, written March 23rd, 1899, to my husband is also very interesting. I quote a part of it :

March 23rd, 1899.

My dear Bellamy,—

I have yours of the 11th inst. Immediately on receipt of your second cable I wrote the President and I have also submitted to him your cables. I absolutely agree with you as to Archbishop Ireland. . . . It seems to me that from every standpoint of sound public policy it will be a fortunate thing if we can have him made a Cardinal, especially in view of what must occur in the Philippines. Remember, you have to largely guide me in matters of this kind, and write me always and fully. But, my dear fellow, do not make the mistake of thinking that I have any permanent influence in the councils of the Republican party of a serious nature. Last year I played in a great luck, and was made Governor. You know the kaleidoscopic changes of politics in New York State. Not since the civil war have we ever had a Republican Governor who, after his term was out, continued in active political life, and the chances are very small that I shall be continued.

Give my warm regards to Mrs. Storer. We hunger to see you.

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. Bellamy Storer,

U.S. Legation, Brussels, Belgium.

In this letter Mr. Roosevelt refers to a request which he made to President McKinley, viz. : that McKinley should ask the Pope to make Archbishop Ireland a Cardinal. (Mr. Roosevelt, himself, gives his especial reason for doing this in the letter.) Mr. McKinley consented. The request was made through my husband and Bishop O'Gorman, in September, 1900, to Pope Leo XIII, whose long illness and death prevented its accomplishment later on. Subsequently when Mr. Roosevelt was President he made the same request (at different times) to Pope Pius X, through Bishop Denis O'Connell, Cardinal Satolli (when the latter was at the White House) and Bellamy Storer. Through personal prejudices and religious enmity (stirred up by what Mr. Roosevelt calls

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“ the bigoted opponents of Catholicism ”) delay followed delay. The present Pope, as several men in high positions can testify, had intended to bestow the cardinalate upon Archbishop Ireland; and as during the war he could not hold a consistory in which to create His Grace of St. Paul a Cardinal, owing to the insuperable difficulties of the time, the consistory was postponed until after the war; but unfortunately Archbishop Ireland died before the war was over.

Archbishop Ireland was the greatest mind and the strongest character that the Catholic Church of America has produced. He spread the light of faith and its moral and intellectual power wherever he went, and those who, like ourselves, came into the Catholic Church through his influence and that of his dear friend Archbishop Keane, feel that we owe to them a debt of eternal gratitude.

M. BELLAMY STORER.

IRELAND: A CONTRAST

IT was towards the end of the year 1903 that my husband, Mark Sykes, became one of the secretaries of George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Ireland's future, seen through the windows of the Chief Secretary's Lodge then, seemed full of promise. George Wyndham was trusted and admired. He united all the points that would make a perfect Chief Secretary, an ideal link between such antithetical forces as the British Government and the Irish people. Of noble and yet rebel Irish descent, endowed with love and skill for letters, a chivalrous soldier, yet pitiful to the poor, a Tory of the ideal that Disraeli and Randolph Churchill sought to implant in vain, he would have once been a light of the "Young England" party. Perhaps for that reason it was that "Young Ireland" looked so affectionately towards him. The Lodge in Phoenix Park became a centre for Irish art and literature. Everybody who had any claims to talent presented himself and was received with sympathy and interest. There was a constant coming and going there of the young intelligence of Ireland. Artists who had made anything of which they could feel proud immediately and instinctively brought their work to the Chief Secretary. I remember once falling over some pots that were strangely and marvellously made and had been left by their owner for George Wyndham's artistic inspection. Crowds of people came to dinner and luncheon. All were welcome : bishops, priests, professors, industrialists, and a stream of ideas and hopes poured forth in his presence without constraint or fear or misunderstanding.

The Land Act was bringing contentment and peace. There was no violence and no crime in the country. He had settled the old trouble of the land as far as a settlement could be composed out of the chaos of the past. Apart from his charm and chivalry he possessed the rare gift of vision, a quality which he and my husband shared. But it was his very vision which led him to try to right

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the great political wrong of Irish history, and to settle once and for all the vexed question of self-government. It led, too, to his fall from office and to the tragedy which faces us to-day.

Surely the Conservative party stoned their political prophet when they allowed George Wyndham to be trodden under foot in the name of a Unionism which they themselves have at this moment utterly overcast? Had he been left a free hand, how different would have been Ireland's story, how different to-day would be England's relations with the United States! George Wyndham's description of his romantic ancestor was not far from being a symbol of himself set against the background of dying Victorian politics:

"Lord Edward, a Geraldine, is young and romantic at a time when the Eighteenth Century is old and sartorial. An age in which the men who command armies and govern empires are, as Carlyle says, contemporary eaters, saved only by cynical wit—if anything so like perdition merits the saving clause. Lord North, losing America in a blue coat and star, says he only wished the enemy trembled at the names of our generals as much as he did. But to Lord Edward, America is liberty. Nobody knows now, or ever will know, what they all meant by that. But they felt a great deal." (From his privately published letters.)

George Wyndham was England's unforgettable and unforgotten gift to usher in Ireland's new century. It was no alien official, but a Prince Charming, who wrote from the Chief Secretary's lodge (November 25th, 1900): "I feel that I was destined to come here. It is a land of sorcery; false, but so fair that the adventurer willingly dives beneath the waters to reach the enchanted palace of the Princess Arianhod. This means that I swim in Celtic Twilight, but through the green and golden witchery comes the piercing appeal of grinding and hopeless poverty. I walk, like the mermaid in Andersen, on pointed knives."

He had early discovered that the Government of

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Ireland "is carried on by continuous conversation," and that "you must never be tired and never in a hurry." Even in the squalor of the congested districts "every soul is a gentleman or a lady who entertains you with wit and pathos." He took a striking view of his office: "A Chief Secretary here is like a Ghibelline Duke of the Thirteenth Century representing Empire and a larger organic conception in a Guelf republic. Many have failed here because they did not realize that they were not in the Nineteenth Century. I always have a difficulty in persuading myself that I am. I really love the Irish..."

And again: "It can only be governed by conversations and arbitrary decisions. To be an affable but inexorable Haroun al Raschid is the only chance." We get such glimpses of the terms he was on with the wild West as: "I gave them a grand Friday lunch, soles and curried lobster, which Father O'Hara enjoyed. We burrowed away at plans for making a new Heaven of Mayo, and had sly digs at each other over the meeting I had proclaimed near his parish."

One of the many anonymous letters which he received he sent to his mother. It read (quoting his own words): "'Their language was an heirloom of the Irish'! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Thank God we have a gentleman as Chief Secretary for Ireland. All difficulties in the way of English dominion will disappear if dealt with in a similar spirit."

He was patient as well as enthusiastic, writing (January 26th, 1902): "I am riding a long patient race in Ireland, disregarding the excited advice which is showered on me. Nobody knows better than I do the risk of doing anything in that country; but I know that the risk of doing nothing is far greater, and that to take the advice of extremists at either pole is not a risk but a certainty of disaster."

His relationship to Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a perpetual link between him and the country he served. Anonymous admirers sent him a seal and a diamond pin that had belonged to Lord Edward. He was always on the look-out for omens and oracles. As he approached the Land

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Question, he noted: "I have great faith and believe the time has nearly come. Archbishop Walsh wrote a Christian letter to to-day's paper!" He gathered round him all the moving spirits of Irish industry and letters. "They are all beginning to catch my optimism. The Chief Justice makes jokes about the Millennium from the Bench. The lion frisks with the lamb. The serpent coos from a branch. The dove says there is a good deal of pigeon-nature in the serpent after all. How long will it last? I hope until I have started other projects to engage everyone's attention, excite their hopes, and stimulate their generous emulation."

By 1903 he had come to the delightful conclusion that "Ireland is going to revolutionize America and America the world." There is a great truth in this inspiration, which was no doubt thrown off with a half-serious laugh. Ireland has entered into the soul of America, and her reflex can be felt and seen in the American attitude toward England and the world.

George Wyndham's zenith came with Edward VII's historic visit to Ireland. He wrote to his sister of "the dramatic and pathetic completeness of the triumph which the King and Queen have won in Irish hearts. You love them because you have a fountain of loyalty in you which must gush out if it is allowed a channel. That is just how it is with the Irish, and how it has been ever. But they have hardly ever been given a channel for their loyalty. In all history the only sovereigns who ever tried even to be kings to them were John, Richard II, and George IV, a sorry trio. But the Irish loved them: the first two to failure and death, the last until he turned on them, or from them, and threw in his lot wholly with Orange uncouthness. I exclude James II, because he only went to Ireland to fight for his own crown, and failed to do that. To begin at the end, the situation was summed up this morning by a little girl: 'I am so glad that we may love the King now because he spoke so nicely about the Pope.'"

Edward VII came into the category of kings who have

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tried to show themselves true kings to Ireland, with appreciable result. Edward was determined to see the Irish problem adjusted in the sight of the Continent, whose respect for England he was determined to secure after the ill-feeling caused by the Boer War. The Land Act and the King's advances were received with an enthusiasm which seems now impossible after twenty years of governmental failure to live up to the standard of George Wyndham. Even his pen could hardly describe the King's entry into the Phoenix Park : "The Phoenix monument was a pyramid of mad humanity, screaming, blessing, waving hats and handkerchiefs and so on down an interminable lane of frenzied enthusiasm. The horses, maddened by the cheers from a nation, did knock down the whole of the admirals and captains especially invited from the Fleet!" Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the King and Queen went the next day to Maynooth, where they were hospitably entertained by no less a personage than Dr. Mannix, who, we were credibly informed, expressed the pleasure appropriate to the greatest Irish Seminary in the world by displaying the Royal racing colours and hanging the pictures of the King's Derby winners in the royal robing-room. In the evening George Wyndham recorded : "The King kept me after all were gone, showed the most eager desire to understand every twist in the labyrinth of Irish life, and was so kind to me that I cannot speak of it." The King's kindness to George Wyndham can be traced to the kindness which the latter, like Dr. Johnson, bore to the Irish nation. And the King approved the work of his splendid Irish Secretary, for he had received ocular demonstration of its fruits. George Wyndham could write that the Irish, "with all the qualifications, reservations, trepidations you can suggest, do still, in fact, believe in me and tremble toward a belief in the Empire because of their belief in me." His attitude on the Catholic University question was expressed in a letter to a daughter of Mr. Gladstone : "Perhaps one cannot have two miracles in one year or two years. If I fail I shall help the other side

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when they come in to right this ancient wrong." As an instance of the total change in Irish affairs, he could even claim, towards the end of 1903, that "just for the moment the Irish Government is the only popular and powerful force in Irish life."

When the crash came, and he had no longer the position and power to help Ireland, he kept his courage high. He wrote to Katharine Tynan: "You must never for one moment allow yourself to believe that Ireland is unlucky, or that she brings ill-luck. It is because people allow themselves to believe this that things sometimes go wrong in Ireland, or rather that it is harder to set them right when they do go wrong, in Ireland as elsewhere." Under the bitterness of attack and misconstruction he kept silent. All he would admit to Wilfrid Ward was that "I preached in season and out of season that all, no matter to what parties they belonged or what extreme views they might hold, should endeavour to agree on practical proposals of a moderate character."

And though the English Government cast him down, Ireland has mourned him to this day.

And now for the unhappy contrast visible in Ireland to-day. I have lately returned from a visit of three weeks in Ireland. The change is tremendous, and the sorrow of it has haunted me ever since. As soon as the Irish Channel is crossed there is a totally different atmosphere. Everybody is in a state of nervous tension. Nobody talks of anything but of raids, murders, and reprisals. Hatred of British rule is the prevailing passion amongst all classes. A longing for freedom from the oppressor dominates everything else. And the Chief Secretary's Lodge, made lovable once to Irishmen by a Thomas Drummond and a George Wyndham! No Irishman would enter the door, even if he could pass through the formidable guard of military and police, who have to watch lest harm befall the representative of the British Government. George Wyndham needed no guarding, unless it was from some of his friends.

Civil Law is completely banished from the land. It is

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impossible for anyone who has not been there to realize the deplorable condition of the country. In Dublin constant raids by the military take place at night in the poorer quarters in search for wanted men. So great is the noise of lorries and armoured cars rattling through the streets that sleep is impossible, and the wretched families, women and children, closely crowded in the tenement houses, are kept awake all night. No doctors will venture out after curfew, as they have been so often shot at in spite of the permits issued to them that they will no longer take the risks of visiting their patients. Too many people have been shot in the street.

What an indictment it is to compare the Dublin of 1903 with that of 1921 ! What a tragedy of blunders ! The Sinn Fein cannot be said to have shown real political insight. With so much English and international sympathy awaiting their cause, they have lost or silenced friends through a campaign for which Catholics can only find one word. Having said this, one can impartially stigmatize the Government agents who have done likewise. In Ireland one is told that the worst has not yet been made known, that it is being kept by the Sinn Fein propaganda as a card in some future negotiations, or as a spark for American tinder. And to think that those who might have been the best friends of Ireland in any Conservative Ministry are both gone !

In the countryside one perceives economic ruin. I saw the ruins of some of the fifty creameries which have been burnt in official or unofficial reprisals. Co-operative stores have been destroyed in the same way. In a village in the West of Ireland I saw a house and shop burnt to the ground as a reprisal and the dying owner carried out into the open. I spoke with his son, who was standing by the ruin, and consoled with him on his loss. He replied that it was a small thing to give in a great cause. That is the effect of reprisals on a people with spirit. Another example of the same occurred at a place where I was taken by a prominent landowner to see a man on his estate, who my host said was a quiet fellow, a follower of John

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Redmond, and who very sensibly did not mix himself in politics. We talked for some time, and he expressed his disapproval of violence. Then he spoke of reprisals, of the injustice of burning down the houses of people who were, in most cases, perfectly innocent (in some cases it has rather ludicrously appeared that the destroyed property belonged to absent and respectable landlords). The man's eye lighted up : " If there was an ambush near here, and if they burnt my place down afterwards as a reprisal, I tell you I would take a gun and shoot those who did it." This incident explains what the present policy is achieving. Those of moderate views are being driven to join the I.R.A. Last year it may have been a gang of desperate men, but to-day there are anything between ten and thirty thousand men under arms, or ready to snatch up a dead comrade's rifle in defence of their country. The futility and stupidity which has led to that is difficult to estimate. Men whose houses may be burned down at any moment do not wait. The innocent and the guilty take to the hills and wage the hard life of the *franc-tireur*.

A policy producing such results staggers one. If Ireland is in the end beaten to the earth, what then ? The Sinn Fein say they can hold out for another two years of guerilla warfare. Even if they are annihilated, will that settle the Irish question ? Will not a new generation grow up with intensified bitterness and hatred for England ? The proud Englishman, the old-fashioned Conservative and the regular soldier, feel the situation more than the politicians to whom it is always a matter of expediency whether they shall end it or enter negotiations or break them off as they were broken off at Christmas. It is probably difficult for the party statesmen, who have never seen war or suffered its direst consequences in their own families, to regret and resent what is being done in Ireland. An English Field-Marshal recently expressed the grim view that he would not be able to sleep in his bed if he were responsible for such quick executions as have taken place. The effect on the young British soldier

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is also to be considered. I saw many soldiers in Ireland, and was struck by their extreme youth and by the ill-deed it is to place them against a sister population. It would be trying work for seasoned troops, but for these young recruits it must be a blunting, shameful, and even disastrous experience. Their behaviour was acknowledged by all to be superior to that of the Auxiliaries. On the whole, with some exceptions, they have conducted themselves well under trying circumstances. An old lady of 80 has recently told me, in a letter, how one stormy wet night she was waked up by the military, made to get out of bed and to sit shivering in her dressing-gown with bare feet, while the soldiers searched her room. They confessed to her how much they hated the job. They were so wet they left puddles of water on the floor, and she said she felt so sorry for them that she gave them each a glass of port wine before they left. Of the Auxiliaries it is not possible to write in such friendly terms. Old ladies have had their turkeys bayoneted and collectors of old Irish glass have had their collections thrown out of the window.

But the greater blame must be laid on those who sent the Auxiliaries to Ireland to carry out a policy of terrorism equalled, alas, by the acts of the Germans in Belgium. These men have been put into an impossible position, undisciplined, living in fear of their lives, primed by drink and given a free hand. Scattered about the country in small groups, they have carried out their instructions with a ruthless hand. If Sinn Fein have committed murders, so have these. Prisoners have been most cruelly beaten and tortured, or "shot trying to escape." Burning and looting have been their daily task. The men concerned in the burning of Cork go about with half a cork stuck in their caps as a boast of their prowess. I have seen their handiwork, and one of the victims of their ill-treatment in a hospital. A sergeant of police himself told me that he and his men beat the young men in a village to keep them quiet. A priest I know told me that his brother had been arrested and interrogated and his face

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bashed with the butt-end of a rifle until his front teeth were broken. In another village I visited, an old man of 70 had been shot dead. He was bent with age and was walking in a field, but the Black-and-Tans thought he was trying to hide himself, so they fired. The mother of a poor boy who had been shot at sight told me her sad story, and at the end of it she said : "My boy died in my arms, but as I looked at the faces of the men who shot him I felt sorry for them, and thankful that my boy died with forgiveness in his heart." I thought that one of the most beautiful things I had ever heard.

But where is this insane policy leading us ? The Government method is a complete failure. The list of murders and reprisals, those we hear of, only grows every day. One thing it has done. It has united people of all classes and views together, both the moderate and the violent, in their detestation of British rule, and in their longing for freedom from the yoke. I talked with people of different opinions, with Sinn Fein leaders, moderates, unionists, with bishops and priests, and from all, with few exceptions, I heard the same thing, the utter failure of the Government policy and the impossibility of working the Government of Ireland Act. Bishops and priests lamented that the best young men of the country were being driven to join the Republican Army. What effect can such scenes as the Dublin executions have on those who stood outside the prison or who read about it in the uttermost parts of the Empire ? In India, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, and wherever the Irish have penetrated ? I dare not answer.

There must be some other and better way. The elected representatives of the Irish nation are not unreasonable. I have talked with several of them and it is not my impression that nothing but a republic and complete separation would satisfy them. I believe that a truce could be arranged, a truce honourable to both sides, and that in conference the way of peace could be found.

EDITH SYKES.

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In these days it does not seem out of date or propriety to reprint a part of Swinburne's appeal to England against the execution of the condemned Fenians, which appeared in the *Manchester Morning Star* fifty years ago and is of great rarity, having never been reprinted among his collected works.

AN APPEAL

Art thou indeed among these,
Thou of the tyrannous crew,
The kingdoms fed upon blood,
O Queen from of old of the seas ;
England, art thou of them too
That drink of the poisonous flood,
That hide under poisonous trees ?

Nay, thy name from of old,
Mother, was pure, or we dreamed,
Purer we held thee than this,
Purer fain would we hold ;
So goodly a glory it seemed,
A fame so bounteous of bliss,
So more precious than gold.

... ..

This was thy praise or thy blame
From bondman or freeman, to be
Pure from pollution of slaves,
Clean of their sins and thy name
Bloodless, innocent, free ;
Now if thou be not, thy waves
Wash not from off thee thy shame.

Freeman he is not, but slave,
Whoso in fear for the State
Cries for surety of blood,
Help of gibbet and grave :
Neither is any land great
Wherein in her fear-stricken mood
These things only can save.

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Lo, how fair from afar,
Taintless of tyranny stands
Thy mighty daughter, for years,
Who trod the winepress of war ;
Shines with immaculate hands ;
Slays not a foe, neither fears ;
Stains not peace with a scar.

Be not as tyrant or slave,
England : be not as these,
Thou that wert other than they,
Stretch out thine hand but to save ;
Put forth thy strength and release ;
Lest there arise, if thou stay,
Thy shame, as a ghost from the grave.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

November 20th, 1867.

A FRANCISCAN BARD

THE second half of the Fourteenth Century is a period of decisive importance in Irish history, political and literary. It was the time of the Irish reaction, which saw the gradual limitation of the power of the invading government to its own restricted "Pale" and the absorption of the great Anglo-Norman families into the Irish system. As a corollary of this political renaissance there came, as always in Ireland, a literary renaissance. Characteristically this renaissance found expression in two forms. The old inherited tradition was revived and stored in the great series of manuscripts of the late Fourteenth to Fifteenth Century period, notable examples of which are the *Book of Hy Many*, the *Book of Ballymote*, the two *Books of Lecan* and the *Leabhar Breac*. And side by side with this recording activity there went a new creative movement, partly a rewriting of the old themes and partly the introduction of new matter into the jealously guarded Irish tradition.

This new matter, it can be demonstrated, came in by way of the religious orders, and three orders in particular were active in the cultivation of Irish letters: two orders of canons, Premonstratensian and Augustinian, and one of friars, the Franciscan. It is with the latter order that I propose to deal here. By the middle of the Fourteenth Century the peculiarly Irish custody of the Franciscan province, the custody of Nenagh, had become predominant. Mr. Little, in his admirable introduction to the *Materials for the History of the Franciscan Province of Ireland*, collected by Father Fitzmaurice and himself, points out that, to all appearance, "the intellectual life of the province had among the Irish friars acquired a special importance." He goes on to discuss the opportunities of education in Ireland at this period.

"It was intended that the schools of the Dominican and Franciscan convents should form the nucleus of the theological faculty in the University of Dublin, established in 1320 by the efforts of the Archbishop, Alexander

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Bicknor. But the new University was, according to Clyn, still-born, and at any rate failed to survive the Black Death. Irishmen had to go abroad to obtain degrees. Between 1350 and 1450 we hear of Irish Franciscans studying or teaching in the Universities or high schools of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Bologna, Cologne, and Strasbourg. Probably all the friaries had theological schools, and lectors are mentioned at Nenagh, Limerick, Ennis, Ardfert, Armagh and elsewhere. In 1438, on the initiative of the Pope, advanced schools of theology were established at Galway and Drogheda—probably for the Irish and the English sections of the province respectively. The well-known Scotist, Maurice O'Fihely, may have been trained in the Galway school."

The Irish Franciscans, then, may be supposed to have been in touch, abroad and at home, with the contemporary theological literature, and it will appear in the sequel that this experience was fruitful of results for Irish vernacular literature. For such cross-fertilization an intermediary was required, and it was naturally found in the institution of the hereditary literary families which was the most characteristic feature of the Irish civilization. These families in their schools supplied something analogous to a University education, and it was very natural that the religious orders should be recruited from their ranks. Thus the dominating figure among the Premonstratensians in the Thirteenth Century was Clarus mac Maoilin O'Mulconry, a member of the famous family of historians who supplied chroniclers to the Siol Muireadhaigh, the related families of County Roscommon. Earlier in that century, Donnchadh Mor O'Daly, the chief religious poet of mediæval Ireland, was associated with the Cistercian Abbey of Boyle in the same county, although there is no reason to believe that he joined the order. And in the late Fourteenth Century another O'Daly, Tadhg Camchosach, or Crookshank, joined the Franciscan order, deserting the poetical school in which he had been trained, and went abroad to pursue his studies. It is with this O'Daly that I propose to deal in the present

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study. For the moment, however, I will postpone further consideration of Tadhg Crookshank, and turn to a department of the contemporary Latin literature with which he was familiar.

The Thirteenth Century saw a great development of the collections of exempla, or moral stories, which are so marked a feature of the later Middle Ages. These handy collections were the vade-mecums of preachers, and many sermons supply us with examples of their use. From the popular preaching they passed into the popular traditions, and there they still survive, often strikingly divorced from any moral application. The chief mediæval collections of the kind were made by Dominicans, specifically the preaching friars. But the Franciscans also made compilations of exempla. One such collection has been printed by Mr. Little, who describes it in these terms: "*The Liber Exemplorum*, a manual for the use of preachers, compiled by an English Franciscan dwelling in Ireland about 1275 . . . throws some light on the religious and social state of Ireland and the activity of the Friars Minor between c. 1250 and 1275. The author was an inmate of the Dublin convent in 1256-7, studied in Paris, where he knew Roger Bacon, and was lector at Cork." Much exemplary material was thus accessible to the Irish Franciscans, and it is from sources of this kind that we must derive the exempla which are so frequent in the later Irish poetry.

These stories must have had a peculiar attraction for poets trained in the poetical schools and masters of Irish manuscript learning. For the earlier Irish manuscripts were full of the kind of tale that we find in the exempla collections. Some of these were derived from the common mediæval stock, others were in all probability original in Ireland. And, indeed, it is often difficult to discriminate between the two kinds. For instance, the tale so popular in the Middle Ages, which survives into modern literature in such adaptations as Longfellow's legend of the Monk Felix, has its analogue in Irish. The theme, it will be remembered, treats of a monk, who,

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listening to the song of a bird, forgets time and is forgotten by time, so that when he wakes out of his dream his contemporary generation has passed into forgetfulness.

In general European literature this theme has been traced back to a tale told in connection with the Abbey of Afflighem in Brabant in the Twelfth Century. In Irish it appears in the *Book of Leinster*, written soon after the middle of that century, and, like so much else in that manuscript, probably comes from an earlier time. The tale is told in verse in a form that implies a pre-existing knowledge of the legend :

Mochoe of Noindruim slept a sleep
With flesh unwithered, long and deep,
Till of the folk he knew of old
Remained but skulls upon the mould.

A little bird from Heaven cries
And lulls that goodly man and wise,
And in that place three strains he hears,
And every strain was fifty years.

The curious resemblance of this theme to the motive underlying such tales as the *Voyage of Bran* and the *Journeying of Cormac in the Land of Promise* can escape no reader acquainted with the older Irish literature. But how far that resemblance is accidental or otherwise, I will not take it upon me to decide. It is sufficient for our present purpose to note that these tales were thoroughly congenial to the Irish mind and familiar in the Irish tradition.

It is not surprising, then, that the new collections of exempla were eagerly welcomed in Ireland and turned to use by Irish poets. There is one such story, found in many collections, which may have some foundation in fact. It appears in the compilations of Jacques de Vitry (1180-1240), Etienne de Bourbon (died about 1261), and in other later works of the kind. It passes into the vernaculars in the tales of the Franciscan Nicole Bozon, who wrote in Anglo-French in the early Four-

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teenth Century. In Etienne de Bourbon the tale is told of the Lord of Vignori, who entered the Cistercian Order at Clairvaux. But the hero of the tale is usually left anonymous. He is so with Jacques de Vitry, who tells his story thus :

We read concerning a certain noble youth, the only son of his parents, that, without their knowledge, he took on him the religious habit. Now his father, who had none other heir, was grieved thereat and threatened the abbot and the monks that, did they not yield up his son, he would burn their abbey and scatter all their goods. And they, greatly fearing his tyrannous rage, said to that monk : " Behold, thy father is come with an armed host, and, if thou return not to the world with him, he will burn our monastery and with violence carry off our goods." To whom he made answer : " Have no fear. Give me a horse and I will go to meet my father." Now when the father saw his son so weebegone with hair dishevelled and poor raiment, scarce did he know him, and for exceeding grief he came nigh to falling. And he said to his son : " My son, why hast thou done thus to me ? thou shouldest return, and I will submit all my land to thy will." To whom the son : " My father, there is a certain custom, very perilous in your land by reason of which I was compelled to go forth and to take on me the habit of a monk." And the father answered : " All the customs of my land I leave in thy disposal, and according to thy will thou mayest revoke or change them ; tell me what is that custom by reason of which thou hast departed, and surely I promise thee that I will revoke it." Then said the son : " This is the custom that I greatly fear : a young man dies there as soon as an old man, and at times sooner. Save thou change this custom, never will I return with thee. For how dost thou promise me that I shall be thy heir or succeed to thee when I know not certainly that I might live longer ? For a calf dies as soon as a cow, a son as a father, a boy as an old man." Hearing this, the father says : " How might I change this custom that God hath ordained ? " And being struck to the heart he took on him, with his son, the habit of religion.

This tale must have been in the minds of many when, in 1296, Louis, the son of Charles II, King of Naples and Sicily, joined the Franciscan Order against the wishes of

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his parents. He became Bishop of Toulouse and died in 1297. His father survived him and the apologue had thus a complete application to the case.

It was at the end of the next century that Tadhg O'Daly became a Franciscan. His friends and companions, it is clear, had attempted to alter his decision, but he supported himself by the example of St. Louis of Toulouse. The very moving poem he wrote on this occasion has been preserved in manuscripts of a later date. It is a bardic poem in the strict measure of the schools and betrays at once the influence of the companions whom he was leaving and those others to whom he was going.

For Eire's love I quitted Eire, a poor brother of little learning, hard though it was to leave the green-grassed land of Fal and all the friends I left behind me there. I went from Eire of the kings for love of God, not hate of her, not in wild yearning for a fairer shore did I leave the companies of Eire. Woe was my heart to leave her coast, though 'twas a holy thing to go into far lands away from my fosterers. I did violence to my heart's desire and passed from among my friends and comrades across the perils of the raging sea. Be it to my good and to theirs that I went from my mother's mother and all her children, though dear that gathered band of friends ! Never would I have told them of my going, my comrades and the sharers of my feasts, though good the tale to tell, were it not for an example that I told it. God knows that I repent me that for so long I delayed to leave the great rewards and the honours of Eire to find a better honour. It is not that I repent me to have bidden farewell to Eire and not for the sorrow that pierced me through have I made these staves. I have heard tell that after the world's way my friends make moan that I have bent under religion's yoke and turned my back on my comrades. Were I a young lad, sole heir of a great lord yonder in my father's land, where I was wont to be, then were it right to grieve for my sake. A child there was whose action was no child's, a king's son and his only heir—I never heard the like of one so young—Louis the comely, the slender. Into this order of poverty that I have joined he came in his young years—a sorrowful story of another age—the heir of the folk of Sicily. Now, when the great news had gone abroad, came the noble-hearted father in quest of his son, and with him a weaponed, mail-clad host. The graceful-handed, goodly, steadfast youth, the lad so

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holy in his tender years, demanded of his father, master of the host, the reason of that muster. "It is that I see no son to follow after me but thee, thou countenance of smouldering fire, my darling child; 'tis ill to strive with friends." "If thou wilt swear to me," said the lad, "O branch of rich bestowing, that after thy death thy inheritance shall surely be mine, I will not go from thee. To abandon God for an unsure inheritance were ill-done; speak only of a likely thing and think not so to order this matter. Often the father outlives the son, thou nor I can affirm that I shall be thy heir." The father knew for truth that homily untouched of folly the child-like Louis preached, and the great king's heart was changed within him. "According to the best that is revealed to thee do thou," said the father of the lad, "Thy purpose has wrung my heart, my darling, my perfume-breathing branch."

They parted from one another, the boy and the unblemished chief, the lad in joy, the father with wailing. Said the father to the boy's mother: "It wilders me whene'er I think that we have neither man nor woman of our seed or succession in all the realm." The queen of gracious wisdom made answer to her lord: "For the sorrow of this calamity my heart is a wave of grieving."

Little wonder that they grieved for the king's sole heir, the wand of mighty deed, so splendid is the world. Many a king's self, many a king's son, many a noble's son have taken on them the yoke that deceives not, have turned their back upon the world. Why should any grieve for a poor man, the son of poor folk, what concern to any that clay should cover him or by what way he should die? It is not that I measure myself with that fresh youthful countenance, but 'tis a holy tale that I have told of the bright-haired, sweet-voiced noble. For Christ's sake—though I make no boast thereof—have I left the people of the Gael whom I longed to have ever at my hand and for love of him have I deserted Eire. For love of Mary and Her Son have I left glorious Eire, for Her the twining tress of virgin hair, for Him the shapely branch of golden locks.

Of O'Daly we hear no more. In the very moment of his change he vanishes out of history, and whether he died early like the model he so humbly emulated or lived in an obscurity of service no record remains to tell. He is the prototype of all those poets of a later and darker time—Bonaventura O'Hussey, John Colgan, Michael

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O'Clery—who joined the Franciscans, and going abroad to study, preserved by their labours the antiquities of their country. And, when we remember them, we shall do well to remember him.

ROBIN FLOWER.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS :

FROM TWO STANDPOINTS*

I.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS has become a vogue, much as its fashionable predecessor of some years ago, Hypnosis, was a vogue; or as, more recently, Spiritism. And, like all such scientific subjects taken up in a quasi-scientific way, it bids fair to prove a very real danger to those who dabble in it without adequate knowledge or proper training. A number of "practitioners" have taken it up, finding in it a paying proposition; and thus it has not altogether been confined to the ranks of the lay persons who hang to the fringes of the profession. By psychologists, the delicate problems of mental complexes have been known and studied carefully for some twenty years; but even now there is not that full measure of accord, either as to theory or practice, in psycho-analysis which would warrant the dogmatic statements put forward, or the rule-of-thumb methods of treatment adopted by those whose acquaintance with the subject is limited to what they have read concerning it, or to the small experience which they have had in experimenting with their patients. And, as to those who are—frankly—playing with the new toy, who are amusing themselves by analysing dreams, or digging beneath the surface of their own or their friends' consciousnesses for hidden complexes, it is well to remind them, with regard to the human mind,

*In presenting two views, a Doctor of Divinity's and a Doctor of Medicine's, of a movement now afoot among healers, we note that it is the theologian and not the layman who extends to the theory and practice of psycho-analysis the greater tolerance. Where Doctors differ, the undoubted qualifications possessed by each may be usefully indicated. The Rev. Francis Aveling (an Oxford convert to the Church), besides his D.D., holds the D.Sc. (London), is Ph. D. and Fellow of the University of Louvain, Assistant Professor of Psychology at University College, London, and is a contributor to the *Journal of Psychology*. Dr. George Matheson Cullen, M.D., B.Sc., studied at the Universities of Edinburgh and of Paris, and has had the experience of a manager of the Royal Infirmary and of the Royal Maternity Hospital, Edinburgh. If Dr. Aveling has overlapped on to the domain of science, Dr. Cullen has embraced "religion pure and undefiled" as a visitor of the widow and the fatherless, in the ranks of the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul.

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of a quotation before now applied to the human being: "*Quoiqu'elle soit très solidement montée, il ne faut pas brutaliser la machine.*" The human mind is, indeed, an exceedingly delicate thing. It is extremely complicated, subject to laws not yet wholly explored and determined. Obviously, it is hardly a suitable material for ignorance and inexperience to tinker with.

It is not my purpose, however, in this paper to lay stress upon the risks of improper treatment of the mind. That would be but obvious truism to anyone who realizes what the mind is. It is rather my object to consider here the subject of this "new" method of treatment of certain mental diseases from the point of view of morals. Is there anything in the theory, or in the methods of psycho-analysis, that is against the moral code? Can a Catholic practise, or offer himself for treatment by, psycho-analysis? Such are the questions to which we shall address ourselves. But first, it will be necessary to sketch, in the briefest outline, the main theory upon which psycho-analysis is based, and as briefly to refer to the methods by which it is applied to actual cases.

In the main, the theory expresses the view that the development of the mind is largely due to the issue of "conflicts" which arise between opposing tendencies of human nature. Such conflicts, as between one instinctive impulse and another, or an instinct and an ethical or moral ideal, call imperatively for solution. And solution of conflict is obtained in one or other of several ways. One of these is the thrusting out of the mind of one of the conflicting tendencies. It is ignored, forgotten, inhibited, repressed. A second solution lies in what is known as "displacement." The tendency is suppressed in its original form, but persists in finding its expression in an altered one. This, again, may take place in several ways. The modified tendency may be harmful, or socially and individually preferable to what it was in the original shape. In the latter case, the displacement is known as "Sublimation." A third solution is found in

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the conscious rejection of one of the conflicting tendencies, on account of some moral judgment or appraisal of worth. In this case, the conscious expression of the tendency is not relegated to unconsciousness, but consciously held in check. It therefore presents none of the features of morbid dissociation.

In normal individuals such balancing and regulation of the tendencies of human nature is the cause or foundation of what we call character. In abnormal cases, the repression of tendencies, accompanied by their usually powerful emotional charges, may give rise to the diseases which it is the aim of the psycho-analyst to cure. For the mind is not conceived as merely that part of consciousness of which we are aware ; but as including also much of which we are not, and, indeed, never were aware. And these complexes (as they are called) existing in the unconscious part of mind are conceived of as having an amount of mental energy which may have its effect upon conscious processes (i.e., processes of awareness). They are "dissociated" from the main stream of consciousness ; but are nevertheless active, and productive of the various maladies from which the neurotic patient suffers. Psychoanalysts are not in complete agreement as to the number, or even the name, of the tendencies involved ; but they are agreed that the above conception, or something very similar, is in the main adequate to the observed facts.

The dissociations caused by the repressions that terminate, in some cases, the conflict, then, are the causes of the malady : and the cure is brought about by re-associating the complexes in an appropriate manner with the main stream of consciousness. To achieve this end, the submerged complex must be sought for and found ; and, in the process of its discovery to the patient, in the course of the analysis, its accompanying surcharge of emotional energy is worked off ; while at the same time it itself becomes manifest as something which may readily be integrated into the normal conscious life. During the treatment by psycho-analysis, at any rate in the Freudian form of the method, a stage occurs at which the emotional

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part of the complex, originally attached to some forgotten object, becomes transferred to the person of the physician. The emotional bond thus vicariously set up is ultimately broken with the complete recovery of the patient ; but it is important to note the occurrence of this stage, in view of the particular point of view from which we are examining the question.

It is hardly necessary to note that, in cases of displacement, sublimation presents no difficulties. Were the theory proved entirely true in all its detail such sublimation would mean no more than that the individual had successfully, if unconsciously, triumphed over the instinctive impulses, which it should be the conscious aim of all Catholics to subdue and keep well in hand ; and that the energy deriving from them had been set free to subserve a higher and a more useful purpose. It is rather in the cases which take on a morbid complexion that practical difficulties arise. In these, the original impulses have been submerged, only to work themselves out in the distressing symptoms of the neuroses. In the probing of the Unconscious for these much is likely to come to light, the very existence of which within his mental sphere would hardly be believed by the patient. It is at this point that criticisms and objections to the method of psycho-analysis are likely to be raised. Indeed, such criticisms and objections have already been made. Is it defensible, from the moral point of view, to drag out of their hiding places all the avowedly irregular evil instincts and impulses which, while we recognize their existence in a vague sort of way, we prefer to ignore, even in order to cure our patients of their disorders ? Should the risk be taken of rendering explicit to consciousness all the aberrations of the instincts in the crude and unregulated forms in which they were relegated to the sphere of unconsciousness ? The question is not unlike that in which we ask : Should we use a lancet to open an abscess, when there may be a danger of further infection ? Many bodily processes, and especially morbid ones, would be repulsive to us, did we examine them. We are so made

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that there is much in our economy we prefer to ignore. But a healthy knowledge of the organs and processes concerned teaches us to evaluate "nice" and "nasty" upon other standards; and to be particularly careful to use "good" and "bad" in their exact and proper meaning. So there is much in mind that may shock our sense of propriety, and even decency, as we at present understand it; yet which is, when properly viewed and understood, a quite fit matter for candid consideration. Surely it is better to know our liabilities to evil and to deal with them in a straightforward and understanding fashion, to regulate their direction and their force by moral and religious ideals, rather than to thwart their integration into a harmonious character by thrusting them blindly into the Unconscious, to remain there a perpetual menace to our mental life. There is nothing immoral in understanding the forces, potential for good as for evil, that go towards our fashioning. There is no evil in knowing ourselves. Indeed, it can only be in a due recognition of the two laws within us, and their mutual reconciliation in a harmony, that we can attain even to a natural perfection of character.

A further criticism and objection to psycho-analysis is levelled against the very large body of literature to which it has given birth. This, it is said, and with reason, is overwhelmingly erotic and prurient. From the nature of the case it must inevitably be so, if, indeed, the theory be right in ascribing the causes of the neuroses to the instinctive tendencies, and in particular to the sexual impulses. But who would level such a criticism against textbooks on anatomy or physiology, in which matters are treated that, for the prurient-minded, are undoubtedly prurient? Or who of us would accuse the Catholic moralists of pruriency because they too recognize the diseases of the soul, and treat them, their causes and their effects, with a detail and minuteness that is scarcely outrivalled even by the casuists of psycho-analysis? The moralists recognize the fact of the passions, of disordered motions, of sin. The psycho-analysts recapitulate the causes and

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effects of disordered impulses. Both take man as they find him in actual fact ; and both, each in his own way, labour for the good of the individual, and of society as a whole. If abuses occur, or may occur, because of the facts recorded in either class of works, it is the fault not of the writers, but of those who read, looking for what they may find. To the pure all things, including man and all the possibilities of his nature, are pure. The evil-minded seek filth, and find it. There is no more necessity for the layman to read the works in which the cases of psycho-analysis are given than those of Catholic moralists dealing *ex professo* with the Sixth Commandment.

A third criticism outweighs those already named. This mainly concerns the practice of psycho-analysis. The method of treatment requires the analysis of the patient, by one or other of the recognized methods. His dreams are related and interpreted as symbolic distortions of the disturbing complex ; he is subjected to word-reaction tests ; he is encouraged to recount, when in a mentally relaxed state, whatever may come into his mind, no matter how seemingly irrelevant. By means of the veiled reactions, associated with the complex and therefore betraying it, the analyst diagnoses the root of the trouble. This requires that the patient have frequent and prolonged interviews with the analyst, in the course of which he must speak freely whatever may happen to come into his mind. When "resistances" arise, as they are frequently apt to do, and the patient hesitates to confide the thoughts that come up, he is bidden to continue, to withhold nothing, to be perfectly frank and open, if he desires to be cured. Such resistances are frequently caused by the delicacy and intimately personal nature of the disclosures to be made ; and, indeed, much that comes up from the Unconscious is of an extremely delicate and highly personal nature, which manifests its true character progressively to consciousness as the process is repeated, up to the point at which the patient becomes aware of the existence and nature of the complex.

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Now here, precisely, is the circumstance most liable to grave abuse. Topics that arise in an exploration of the Unconscious, and especially sexual topics, are not unfraught with danger, particularly when pursued by people of opposite sexes in a consulting-room. Even here, let not the danger be unduly magnified. In other connections, also, delicate matters have to be discussed with medical men in consulting-rooms; and peculiarly intimate operations have to be performed by surgeons. The objection is precisely similar in character to that urged by a certain type of Protestant against the practice of Confession. That there may be a danger even here, witness the extreme stringency of ecclesiastical legislation. But a possibility of abuse does not condemn. It may be urged, however, that there is a difference between the two cases. In the one, the penitent manifests to the confessor only what is clearly present to consciousness. In the other, the patient brings into clear consciousness what was before entirely hidden. Still, there seems to be no really essential danger connected with the one that may not be also connected with the other; and in seeking an analyst, as in seeking a spiritual director, one has to look for a prudent man, entirely beyond suspicion. In the case of the priest, the faithful have the best of safeguards in the approbation which he has received from the bishop, the long character-training undergone, and the grace of his Order. These may, or must, be lacking in the case of the analyst; but his standing, his professional reputation and even his social position must count for something. There is no reason for supposing that an analyst must be a blackguard. The criticism which we are now considering gains force because of the transference to which allusion was made above. If a tendency, to which a strong charge of emotional character is associated, becomes, in the course of treatment, directed towards the person of the physician, is there not, it may well be asked, the gravest danger of a circumstance arising pregnant with every possibility of abuse? The reply to such a question would seem to be twofold. On the one

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hand there is the patient to be considered ; on the other, the physician. There should be little danger with regard to the latter. It is generally to be presumed that he is a man of probity ; and, indeed, constant familiarity with the typical manifestations of the neuroses is certainly calculated to turn his interest in them to a purely "case-interest" of a peculiarly impersonal kind. From the side of the patient, however, a dangerous situation might arise, were it not that the transference is at once directed by the physician into those channels by means of which the cure may most speedily be effected. There is a very curious parallel to all this in the case, already considered, of the spiritual director. Though he may be intensely interested in the souls with which he is dealing, it is rarely, if ever, that he looks on them from any other than an impersonal point of view. They are "souls" to him, and little more. He deals with them as he would deal with a problem in casuistry to the best of his ability and power ; doubtless, also, with ascetical principles, as well as with prayer. On the other hand, the case is by no means unknown in which the penitent tends to feel that dependence upon the director, and personal communion with him, which it is the care of every prudent confessor to detach and fix upon God.

But at this point there is a danger to be signalled and a protest to be made. The attitude of people generally towards psycho-analysis, as in regard to anything new and rather intriguing, is a twofold one. They take it up, make it a vogue, play with it, and practise it for themselves, or on the other hand they immediately condemn it. Catholics are apt to condemn what is new and seems to be "borderlandish" : perhaps very rightly, since anything of the kind may turn out to be wrong ; and it is best to be on the safe side. They should not, of course, remain in that attitude, once it is shown that there is nothing inherently evil in it. The Church has not condemned the practice of psycho-analysis any more than it has condemned the practice of hypnotism. But, in view of possible abuses, very similar to those to which we have

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already alluded, it has been laid down that hypnotism should be practised only when certain provisos have been observed. No doubt similar provisos will one day be made for the practice of psycho-analysis.

The real danger to which attention should be drawn in the strongest terms lies in the fashionable cult of psycho-analysis, with its resulting up-springing of a number of analysts whose only title to consideration is their lack of knowledge of the subject. Even in the medical profession there are not wanting those who call themselves analysts, or psycho-therapists, but have no real training in even normal, much less abnormal, psychology. A protest should be made against this; and doubtless in time the great medical bodies will move in the matter. What is by far the more serious aspect of the case, however, is the practice of psycho-analysis by lay-people. Special medical knowledge is often, if not always, required in all branches of psycho-therapy: the cases are not, as a rule, merely mental. And very few lay-people are competent to treat them at all. Bad treatment is often far worse than useless; and very serious damage can easily be wrought by unskilful handling. Above all, playing with the subject ought never to be permitted. It is dangerous in the extreme; more so, if anything, than playing with hypnotism.

The human mind is not only, as has been pointed out, an extremely delicate machine. Psychologists have learned to credit it with the possession of vast resources of force. When deranged, these forces are capable of accounting for the psycho-neurotic maladies and the grosser forms of insanity. It is not safe to play with them, without knowledge of the laws that govern them; and the result of such play is often disaster.

There is one final consideration with regard to the relation of psycho-analysis, as theory, with morals. It lies in this that the whole matter is conceived of as on a deterministic basis. Every effect in mind has its cause; and every cause produces its effect. There is no room for freedom in such a conception; and that seems impossible

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to square with the doctrine of free will. The objection is more apparent than real. The postulate of all science, without which it could not apply its peculiar method, is determinism. But science really deals with no more than the successions and concomitances of phenomena; and this is its view-point in psychology as anywhere else. The freedom of the will does not enter into the region of phenomena at all. There is no contradiction where there is no contact.

There seems, then, to be nothing contrary to the Faith, or to the ordinary moral teaching of the Church, in either the theory or method of psycho-analysis. What dangers may arise are incidental and not essential. The method itself has proved of great helpfulness in the borderland cases of neurosis; and, until some definite pronouncement has been made by Rome, there seems no reason why, with ordinary safeguards and precautions, and in the hands of upright, reputable and prudent medical psychologists, it should not be employed as a valuable line of treatment for those disorders for which it is capable of being used.

FRANCIS AVELING.

II

*De tous les animaux qui s'élèvent dans l'air,
Qui marchent sur la terre ou nagent dans la mer,
De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme.*

In all ages the folly of mankind has been the wonder of the philosopher and the butt of the satirist. And yet probably never before has man played such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as in this our day. A sad commentary indeed on the results of half a century of free education! The fact is that this blind worship of knowledge, without any compensating cultivation of wisdom and virtue, has led to a cataclysm of war such as has never previously been experienced, and has set up a mad brewage in the mind of man which threatens the

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annihilation of our civilization. Even in the sphere of knowledge itself, anarchy has appeared, and it would seem that there is no kind of lunacy which will not be welcomed if it but masquerade in the garb of science. For proof of this no more telling example can be chosen than the extravagance, called psycho-analysis, which has been hailed by certain learned men as the coping stone of scientific achievement. Had this new cult remained in a select professional circle, we would be glad to leave it there and pass it by in silence and horror. Unfortunately a vigorous propaganda has been entered upon, and the subject has been promulgated in popular journals, so that its phraseology has come into the marketplace.

It is not merely that psycho-analysis is "among the most difficult scientific problems of the day." There are also "many serious difficulties which interfere with a clear interpretation of the matter. I am not capable," says C. G. Jung, "of giving you a complete doctrine elaborated both from the theoretical and the empirical standpoint. Psycho-analysis has not yet reached such a point of development." (*The Theory of Psycho-Analysis*, 1915.)

If such were the views of a chief priest of the cult in 1915, the task before an outsider may be imagined. The intervening years have added very greatly to the literature on the subject, and the divergence of the different sects of psycho-analysts has become still more marked. But it is not the absence of an authoritative treatise, or the obscure verbiage which darkens most of the articles on the subject, which is the most formidable difficulty—it is the impossibility of fully describing for lay readers the new science without an affront to decency.

It is not here necessary to trace the descent of psycho-analysis back beyond the time of Mesmer. This Viennese physician had translated "vital force" into the new scientific term of magnetism, and upon this basis had elaborated methods which caused scandals that brought about his expulsion from the Austrian Empire. In 1778

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he came to Paris, where the circumstances of the time favoured him. He made a sensation, and he started a school. Some physicians joined his standard; but for the most part his followers were outside the profession. The record of the divisions in his camp and the embittered disputes between him and his disciples need only be mentioned here as a sort of anticipation of what has happened between Freud and his followers. Gradually the vogue of animal-magnetism or mesmerism passed, though later on individual attempts at resuscitation were made. The most important perhaps was that of Braid of Manchester, through whom the phenomena in question came to be called hypnotism. About 1880, public attention was again directed to the subject, mainly through the experiments of J. M. Charcot at the Salpêtrière in Paris. Professional opinion was still sceptical, and of the crowds who followed the course of experiments a large proportion were artists, journalists, and others on the outlook for a new sensation or exciting "copy." It is right to add that Charcot attempted to approach the matter in a scientific spirit and so avoided the ridiculous extravagances of Dr. Luys, afterwards trenchantly exposed by E. Hart. One thing he clearly proved, the close similarity, if not identity, between the phenomena of hypnotism and those of hysteria.

Among those who had attended the *Salpêtrière cliniques* was Dr. Breuer, who, on his return to Vienna, experimented on his own account. Through him, Sigismund Freud, in 1883, then a student, came to be interested in the subject. After graduation he and Breuer worked together for a little; but, possibly somewhat shocked at the trend of Freud's thoughts, Breuer withdrew from the partnership. Freud thereafter gradually developed his views until they were sufficiently matured to be given to the world. The occasion he chose for the declaration of his great epoch-making discovery was the most suitable one that could have been found—a meeting of the Vienna Neurological Society, under the presidency of Krafft-Ebing, author of the

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notorious *Psychopathia Sexualis*. Freud has himself recorded his astonishment at the reception given to his paper. It was heard in stony silence. The distinguished audience had been stricken dumb. Vienna would not discuss his discovery, far less accept it; and even now the professional attitude there has scarcely changed. Freud had to wait years before his earliest works were published. Even then reviewers for the most part passed them by without a comment.

However, publication was achieved; and the written word stimulated certain minds to seek out the master and get the fullness of the new knowledge at the fountain head. Freud had no public hospital appointment, so that the little coterie that gathered around him from 1902 onwards had to be content with formal expositions in the privacy of his own house. As with Mesmer and Charcot, probably the majority of his adherents were outside the medical profession. As these students returned to their homes they set up fresh centres of the cult, and the existence of these seemed to justify a general congress. This event was probably hastened by the fact that Bleuler and Jung, of Zurich, men with hospital appointments, had begun to apply the doctrine publicly. Accordingly, in 1908 a private gathering of the friends of Freud took place at Salzburg. No doubt it was facility of access which determined the locality, but it was a significant choice, this selection of the resting-place of Paracelsus, since Freud was determined to resurrect the Archaeus of that innovator, and extend its empire beyond the mere physiological acts of the body, so that it was to control absolutely every conscious thought. The following year was marked by a public invitation to Freud and Jung to lecture at an anniversary celebration at Clark University. The occasion was the first sign of academic interest in the new theory, and Freud recorded his satisfaction that "even in prudish America one could . . . discuss freely . . . all those things that are regarded as offensive in life."

In 1910, it was felt that the time had come to organize

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the new cult, and to set up an authoritative body which would preserve the true tradition, and would give *ex cathedra* definitions as to what was real psycho-analysis and what was not. The indifference of Vienna prompted Freud to punish it by seeking headquarters at Zurich. For reasons which may be surmised later, Freud did not consider himself as a suitable president; so Jung was chosen and the International Psycho-analytical Association was launched, and an official journal inaugurated. The attempt to formalize the new teaching was, however, a conspicuous failure. There is a well-known epigram to the effect that every great man has his disciples, but it is always Judas that writes his biography. To avoid this contingency Freud has published (1917) an autobiography. In name it is a "History of the Psycho-analytic Movement." In fact, it is a frank criticism of his followers, and incidentally it throws considerable light on his own psychology. This revelation of his personality is not a very pleasing one. Possibly Judas might have brought out a few lighter traits if only to give artistic variety to the portrait; as it is, one gathers the impression of a sour man, lacking in any real capacity for friendship, indisposed to expect either affection or gratitude from his disciples, self-centred, inordinately proud of having "disturbed the world's sleep," prone to jealousy. He candidly confesses that "my confidence in the honesty and distinction of my opponents was always slight"; on the other hand, "my faith in my own judgment was not small." He claims to criticize calmly. "I can revile and rave as well as any other, but I am not able to render into literary form the expressions of the underlying effects and therefore I prefer to abstain."

One thing seems certain, the psycho-analysts were from the beginning an unhappy family. Breuer, Freud's earliest associate, sinned against the light, was dishonest. The private circle at Vienna was not more satisfactory: "I failed to establish among them that friendly relation which should obtain among scientific men, . . . nor could I crush out the quarrels about the priority of discoveries."

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Many of them drifted permanently away. Adler, the president of the Vienna group, formed a new theory, and we hear of the "mean outbursts of anger which distort his writings . . . the ungovernable mania for priority which pervades his work." Jung also fell away, and he is described as "incapable of tolerating the authority of another, still less fitted to be himself an authority . . . whose energy was devoted to an unscrupulous pursuit of his own interests." There is no need to delve deeper into this *chronique scandaleuse*. The extracts given sufficiently indicate the character of the individuals who arrogate to themselves the power of reading the souls of other men, and who pose as having no other end in view than the advancement of science.

We must now turn our attention to the important contribution to knowledge which they profess to have discovered. It may be shortly summed up in five words: "the omnipotence of the unconscious." Not merely does the unconscious direct the automatic processes of digestion, circulation, growth, etc., it also controls every conscious thought. The unconscious is teeming with feelings and thought ("phantasies" seems to be the technical expression) and only some of these reach consciousness. Even these do not bubble up spontaneously into recognition. There is a something called a "Censor," which is neither god nor demon, neither beast nor human, a mere automaton which regulates and controls the crossing. Some thoughts may burst into consciousness in spite of the censor, but almost always it can transform them into symbols, so that consciousness does not recognize them for what they really are. On the other hand, the censor may lay hold of a conscious experience and drag it down into the unconscious ("repression" this is called), out of which it never will emerge again unless the psycho-analyst reveals it! As might be expected, the unconscious phantasy is more apt to overflow into the semi-consciousness of a dream. But the censor never sleeps; and though the dream is perhaps the nearest approach to the unconscious the censor usually

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is able to disguise the unconscious thought so that it appears in the dream as a mere symbol.

It is quite clear that the meaning attached to the word unconscious in this connection is very different from that held by ordinary mortals ; but beyond the general description such as is given above, it evades exact determination. Dr. Constance Long, a British publicist in the cause of psycho-analysis, has indeed defined it as "The psychological contents which form the background of consciousness"; but this is a mere juggling with words. We may well wonder how it is possible to know that phantasies exist in the unconscious if we are not conscious of them. Psycho-analysis, it is true, professes the ability to evoke these phantasies ; but here again we may ask what certainty have we that they were in the unconscious if we are unable to recognize them, or how can we be sure that they have not been simply aroused in consciousness by the persistent suggestion of the method employed ? To these very pertinent queries no satisfactory answer has yet been vouchsafed.

Over the censor we need waste no words ; for the idea so utterly transcends all common sense that any attempt to criticize it would be an insult to the intelligence. We may, however, hazard the question, Why should there be any need for a censor to prevent the unconscious overflowing into the conscious ? To this, indeed, a reply is given and the answer brings us to the third article of the psycho-analytical creed. It is because of the frightful nature of the contents of the unconscious ; something so dreadful that the mind would be unhinged by the sight, unless, indeed, the contemplation is made under the direction and enlightened by the explanation of a trained psycho-analyst. The loathsome dragon that wallows in the unconscious is the Libido. Every child that is born into this world brings with it, not merely a body, limbs, organs and potentialities of various kinds, but in particular and especially, a libido crammed with portentous energy. In infancy this imperious passion has to work with rudimentary organs, but somehow it manages. Over the

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body, Freud tells us, there are "erogenous zones" through which the libido can find sexual gratification. With the advent of consciousness the libido is able to project itself into the world around. At puberty, it is true, it usually takes the line suggested by the sex organs; but no perversity, not even the fixation on one's own body (Narcissism), can be regarded as other than quite natural. That these sex perversions are not more common is due to the censor. By this mechanism the perversion is repressed, thrust down into the unconscious. But the utmost strength of the censor cannot keep it there. The libido is constantly breaking through into consciousness, and all the censor can do is to mask its native brutality. In youth it often dissipates some of its energy in games. Later on it may be induced to set the poet's eye with fine phrensy rolling, to breathe life into cold marble, or render beauty a joy for ever. In a word, civilization is the outcome of the "sublimation" of the libido. But not even the alchemy of Lullius can transform it wholly; some of it must find a sexual outlet, otherwise it will be revenged on the body through paralysis, loss of memory or a neurosis of some kind. Thus absolute continence is unnatural and incompatible with bodily or mental health.

We could wish that with the explanation of this lascivious farrago of nonsense—the theory of psycho-analysis—we had reached an end of the subject. But the method still remains. The chief claim of the psycho-analyst is that he is an empiricist, that he simply takes facts as he finds them. The theory of the unconscious, the libido and the censor, is merely advanced as the most reasonable explanation of the "facts" revealed by his method. To understand the genesis of the psycho-analytical method we must return for a moment to Charcot, who found that his hysterical patients usually ascribed the development of their symptoms to some emotional or nervous shock (trauma). In certain instances, however, the trauma which was alleged appeared too slight to have entailed such serious consequences. In such cases Charcot tried to find out under hypnotism whether there had not been

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a shock in earlier life which might have rendered the nervous system so unstable that it was easily unbalanced by a slight later trauma. Revelations were readily evoked even from childhood, but many of them were so patently false—lurid descriptions of impossibly early seduction—that he regarded his experiments as worthless. Freud was not so easily discouraged. He reasoned thus: "If hysterics refer their symptoms to imaginary (sexual) traumas, then this fact signifies that they create such scenes in their phantasies; and hence psychic reality deserves to be given a place next to actual reality." Very soon he reached the conviction "that these phantasies serve to disguise the autoerotic activities of the early years of childhood, to idealize them and place them on a higher level, and now the whole sexual life of the child made its appearance behind these phantasies."

It is upon this basis of lies, then, that Freud has erected his monstrous system. Of course, he explains them away as "symbols" or "psychic realities." In his grossly materialistic creed there can be no such thing as a lie, since he believes that a brain-cell secretes a thought just as a liver-cell secretes bile, and that the individual has no more responsibility in the one case than in the other. This is the nemesis of Free Thought, that it ultimately leads its votaries to deny that thought can ever by any possibility be free.

This, then, is the method proposed by psycho-analysis for the cure of disease. Cure, indeed, may be effected in certain cases; but it can only be by fixing a permanent moral obliquity in the mind. Similar cures have been wrought by the more reputable methods of charlatans in every age; and many cures appear spontaneously without any method at all, or through the normal means of sane medicine. The moral peril cannot be exaggerated, and the adepts plainly state that a necessary stage in the cure is the transference of the libido to the person of the analyst. The case of children certainly calls for the intervention of the law.

But psycho-analysis is far from limiting its activities to

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the domain of medicine ; it is out to conquer the world. It is striving to set the seal of its interpretation upon religion and morals, history, mythology and folk-lore. Its method is being advocated by teachers for use in schools, and is already applied to the elucidation of poetry and the fine arts. To facilitate its more ready and general acceptance, the propagandists are prone to tone down the tenets or to clothe them with vague pseudo-scientific verbiage. Freud himself has been frank enough to denounce these attempts to minimize sexuality. That psycho-analysis is a real danger to society is my serious conviction ; and this alone has sustained me in the invidious and painful task of showing it for what I believe it really is.

GEORGE MATHESON CULLEN.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE POUND STERLING

“**W**HAT is a pound ? ” asked Peel in sober earnest, and he proceeded to give his own answer. It is a question which many people are asking of themselves to-day and they are sorely puzzled, because they are ignorant of, or wilfully ignore, the elemental principles of monetary science and the fundamental lessons taught us by monetary history.

First of all, we must be clear as to the real meaning of money. Hundreds of theories have been put forth on this subject, never perhaps so plentifully as within recent years, but on this matter, as on so many others, Aristotle said practically the last word over 2,200 years ago. He saw clearly that money was a commodity of intrinsic value, useful in itself and useful as a common measure of all other values ; that it was also a store of value and that the precious metals were intended by nature and peculiarly well adapted for the purposes of money.

Other commodities have, it is true, been used at various times for currency purposes. In Ireland, for example, a *miach* or sack of corn was a common measure of small values ; a *cumal* or female slave of large values, while the cow down to quite recent times was a very general standard of value and exchange. Thus a Norman-French chronicler tells us that when the Earl of Gloucester, Richard II's commander in Ireland at the end of the Fourteenth Century, met the Irish chief MacMurrough, the latter was riding on a horse “ which cost, they said, 400 cows, so good and fine it was.”

*Qui lui avoit coste, ce disoit on
Quatre cens vaches, tant estoit bel et bon.*

For, he continues, “ there is little money in that country because they generally buy and sell by means of beasts only.” Later on the cow seems to have passed current

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for a pound, for we find Sir Niall Garve O'Donnell writing in 1613 from the Tower, where he was a prisoner, to Chichester for the restoration of "three score cows or pounds," which had been let out as stock to his clansmen in Ulster.

The cow-unit of exchange was in vogue in Scotland generally as late as the reign of David I (1124-1153), and in some parts down to our own times. In the "*Leges inter Brettos and Scottos*" the *cro* or were-gild of the various ranks is curiously expressed in cows and pennies, thus: "*Cro a fiz dun thayn est LXVI uaches and II pars dune uache . . . cro del neuu a un thain . . . est XLIIII uacc & deu pars dun den*"; i.e., "the were-gild of a thane's son is 66 cows and two parts of a cow (i.e., $66\frac{2}{3}$ cows); the were-gild of a thane's nephew . . . is 44 cows and two-thirds of a penny."

As to England it is well-known that the modern word "fee" is from the Anglo-Saxon *feoh*, i.e., cattle (cf. the modern German *vieh*, which still means "cattle" and the Irish *fiu* = price or value), and we think that the Anglo-Saxon word is wrongly translated "money," as in Bede and other writers it seems not to mean money in our sense, but literally cattle or chattels. We have gone carefully through Bede's *History* and have not been able to find any allusion to coined money. Some of the passages therein are very instructive. Thus, in speaking of the Scotie or Irish monks of Lindisfarne he says: "*Nihil pecuniarum absque pecoribus habebant*"; "They possessed no chattels or property apart from their cattle," where *pecunia* seems to be used in its ancient and literal Latin significanction of "wealth" (from *pecu*, cattle). It is unfortunate that we cannot compare this particular passage with the Anglo-Saxon version, as it has been omitted in the translation, perhaps out of deference to the susceptibilities of the monks. In Book IV, ch. v, he tells us that Oswy, king of Northumbria, begged Bishop Wilfrid to accompany him to Rome, *promissa non parua pecuniarum donatione*, where the Anglo-Saxon version has "him micel feoh 7 unlitel with thon gebead," i.e., "he

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promised him much cattle and no small amount *for* them," which might be interpreted to mean that he promised him a good exchange in money for the cattle as, of course, they could not bring the latter to Rome with them. Many other passages might be cited, but nowhere in Bede's long narrative is coined money alluded to with the doubtful exception of Book III, ch. viii, and here it is only used in a figurative sense.

This is all the more remarkable as the coins known as "sceats" and "stycas" of baser metal are said to have been in circulation in early Saxon times.

Bede died in 735, and twenty years later, in 755, Pepin le Bref issued the first *novus denarius*, the first modern silver penny, which was the basis and the beginning of our present Pound, Shillings and Pence system. It does not follow that the name penny or its ancient equivalent was not already in use for the sceats, the forerunners of the penny, and this leads to a point which has always been a puzzle to numismatists and etymologists, i.e., the origin and derivation of the word "penny." It is strange that the origin of our oldest and commonest coin should have hitherto been wrapt in obscurity, but we claim to be able to throw some new light on the subject.

All sorts of derivations have been assigned to the word penny, e.g., the Latin *pendere*, "to weigh"; the Celtic *pen*, a "head," and a German savant has derived it, absurdly enough, from the German *pfanne*, a "pan," i.e., a coin like a pan or made in a pan! But we suggest a very simple explanation: the penny derives its name from Penda, the great pagan king of Mercia, in proof of which we may remark that one of the earliest A.S. and Old High German forms of the words is "pendinga" or "pending," and this, we maintain, means the piece or coin of Penda. This ending, -inga or -ing, in the names of coins is quite a common one and is, like the Irish *unga*, a form of the Latin *uncia* (*u* sounded like *y* and *c* hard), an ounce, and this may explain the much disputed etymology of the word "ingot." In the Lindisfarne and Rushworth Saxon gospels the word *drachma* is paraphrased

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"casing," i.e., Cæsar's coin or an "imperial coin"; and similarly "shilling," anciently written "scilding" or "schilding," would mean a coin with the stamp of a shield; farthing, anciently "feorthung," would mean a fourth or quarter "unga."

Now it might be objected that no coins of Penda are extant and that there is no proof that he ever coined money, but this is not a valid objection. "Sceattas" with runic legends are known to have been current in Mercia in pagan times, and they are among the heaviest extant, being nearly equal to Offa's pennies in weight. Why could these not have been issued by Penda, who ruled over Mercia and dominated Northumbria and a great part of the north of England for many long years? They would be called Penda's pieces, or pendings, and the name would be naturally transferred to the pieces subsequently issued by Offa, and this brings me to another and, I think, convincing proof of my assertion. It is a remarkable fact that one of the ancient Irish words for penny is "oifing," and a mine of information is contained in the word. It is well known that Offa, the great Christian king of Mercia, was the first to strike the new silver pennies according to the new standard introduced by Pepin the Short in 755. These new pennies would be called by the Irish "offa-ungas" or "offings," i.e., the ounce, ingot or coin of Offa, and the word would be written "oifing," the first *i* being inserted according to the well-known principle of Gaelic spelling—that a consonant followed by a slender vowel must be preceded by one. We may add that Irish influence was very strong in Northumbria and even in Mercia already in Penda's time, and Penda's and Offa's coins would be familiar to the Irish, and they may even have minted Penda's coins as they were far in advance of their Saxon contemporaries in the arts of civilization.

We owe our present Pound, Shillings and Pence system to the great Frankish reformer, Charlemagne. Already in 789 he issued an *Admonitio generalis*, warning all concerned that just and equitable weights and measures

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should be used by all as was prescribed by the law of God. The establishment of a fixed weight system meant also a fixed coinage system, for in every rational monetary system coins and weights ought to be co-ordinated and correspond closely to each other. Charlemagne's pound was a lineal successor of the old Roman pound, but numismatists are not agreed as to whether he enforced the weight already existing or introduced a new standard. Weights are still extant, e.g., at Brussels and Bologna, which claim to be actual specimens of the Carolingian pound, but their authenticity is doubted.

The denier, or silver penny, was the principal if not the only denomination actually coined under the new system introduced by Charlemagne. Twelve deniers were computed to the *solidus* or *sou*, but it is very doubtful if the latter existed as an actual current coin, although Charlemagne did strike *solidi* in gold, but, perhaps, only to assert his title to coin gold which, under the old Roman empire, was the sole privilege of the Emperors, and the *solidus* perhaps served only as a standard weight or a money of account like the Teutonic shilling. Thus 12 deniers to the *solidus* would represent the supposed relative value of silver to gold, i.e., 12 to 1, and the 20 *solidi* to the pound would maintain the same ratio between gold and silver. The silver pound was, of course, never issued as a coin as it would be too bulky. We have said that the modern English currency system is derived directly from Charlemagne, but it may be traced indirectly through him to early Roman times. After the fall of the Roman Empire the supremacy of gold as the chief monetary standard fell with it, and divers of the barbarian rulers who had helped to overturn the Empire adopted silver for their principal currency, though the Merovingians, the predecessors of the Carolingians, adopted a gold standard and coined gold, but on the revival of the Western Empire in 800 the silver standard was made almost universal.

It must be remembered that in the Middle Ages the civil administration was practically entirely in the hands of ecclesiastics, bishops, priests and clerks in the strict

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and original sense of the word. They had practically a monopoly of learning, especially of Latin lore, and many, if not most, of the official documents of the time were drawn up in that language: hence the familiar £ s. d., or *Libræ-Solidi-Denarii*.

The Roman *Libra*, a word meaning originally a balance and then the weight contained in that balance, was the representative of the primitive *as*, and contained 12 *uncia* or Roman ounces, and since the ounce after the year 268 B.C. contained about 432 grains troy, the later Roman pound was equivalent to about 5,184 grains troy, and was thus lighter than the Saxon or Tower pound of 5,400 grains. In the primitive days of copper coinage the *libra*, *as*, or *pound* was not merely a weight, but an actual ingot, bar or rude coin of bronze which passed from hand to hand, but later on, when the Roman coinage was put on a gold basis, the *libra* became a mere money of account like the English pound, but unlike the latter it meant a pound weight of gold, not of silver.

The *Solidus*, first struck by Constantine in A.D. 312, was the successor of the earlier Roman *aureus* (sc. *nummus*, i.e., "golden coin") which varied in weight at different times, being struck by Julius Cæsar at the rate of 40 to the pound of pure gold, giving it thus a weight of about 126 grains, while Nero reduced it to 1-45th of a pound, which Constantine reduced in weight, striking it at the rate of 72 to a pound, i.e., = 1-72nd part of a pound of gold, at which rate he issued the *aureus* under the name of *solidus*, a coin which became the type and parent of many European coins and has ever since played an important part in commercial history. Charlemagne, as we have seen, introduced it into his system as a unit and it has passed into the English system under the name of shilling.

The *Denarius* was first coined in 268 B.C., when the Romans, having, by the conquest of South Italy, obtained great spoils of silver, first began to coin that metal. At first 72 *denarii* were struck out of the pound of silver, and thus the *denarius* weighed 1-72nd of a pound, or

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4 scruples or *sestertii*, or about 72 grains troy. In the second Punic war it was reduced to about 60 grains and later on by Nero to about 53 grains, and subsequently it was still further debased in weight and material, and became the ancestor of the French *denier* to which it gave its name, and of the English penny. Thus the Latin word *denarius* of the Vulgate gospel is rendered by the English penny, inaccurately, it is true, as far as the present value of the latter coin is concerned, for at the time of the Saviour the denarius was a much more valuable coin, its legal Roman value being 1-25th of the *aureus* or gold unit, and as the latter was then roughly equivalent to our pound sterling the denarius would have been worth roughly about 9½d. or, say, a franc. It was the most important and only legal silver coin of the Roman Empire, was used in the compilation of all public accounts, and by a rescript of Germanicus (about A.D. 18) all imperial taxes were payable in terms of it. It bore the name, title and image of the emperor and was thus the "coin of the tribute" alluded to in the well-known passage of the gospel (Matt. xxii. 19-21). Again, it is the coin agreed upon as the pay of the labourers in the vineyard, and Tacitus tells us it was the daily pay of the Roman soldier under the empire, and it seems to have been considered a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. But whatever the discrepancy between the value of the denarius and the penny of our days, the similarity between it and the early English penny was sufficient to warrant the translation of the former by the latter. It would, however, have been better if it had been translated Roman penny, or left untranslated to avoid confusion, better at all events than the translation "shilling" in the American revised version. Even the shilling, especially the post-war shilling, falls far below the value of the denarius or the Saxon penny.

We must now say something of the pound system in Saxon times, although the subject is a decidedly obscure and difficult one. Unity and universality were dominant ideas in the imperial system of Charlemagne. As he wished

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to promote one uniform orthodox faith throughout the *orbis terrarum*, or at least throughout his own vast empire, so, too, he wished to establish one uniform, universal, sound and honest system of weights, measures and money. Theoretically England owed some form of allegiance to the new empire, but the powerful Mercian king Offa, though on friendly terms with Charlemagne, regarded himself as a little emperor holding nominal sway over the provincial kings of the so-called heptarchy. He it was, as we have said, who introduced the new money of Charlemagne, but unity of weights and coinage was retarded by the absence of political unity among the Saxons.

We find after the Norman conquest the pound, shillings and pence system in general use, almost as at the present day, the pound being divided into 20 shillings of 12 pence ; but the silver penny with its subdivisions is practically the only coin actually struck and in circulation for the next two hundred years. The weight of the Norman penny, in imitation of its Saxon model, was fixed at 22½ grains, and this method of weighing by grains calls for some remarks.

Every English schoolboy has learned the table of troy weight to be found at the back of his copy-book : 24 grains, one pennyweight ; 20 pennyweights, one ounce ; 12 ounces, one pound ; and herein is contained a profound monetary lesson, and if kings, statesmen and financiers had only taken it to heart and put it into practice much misery would have been spared to the state and the individual.

By the laws of Ethelred every penny was to weigh 32 grains of wheat. King Alfred's pennies weigh on an average about 24 grains troy, in other words 24 grains of barley, which are equivalent to 32 grains of wheat. Again, by the statute *De Ponderibus*, supposed to have been passed in 1265 in the reign of Henry III, it was ordained that the penny sterling should weigh 32 grains of wheat, round and dry and taken from the midst of the ear. Later on in the reign of Edward I, it was or-

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dained that the ounce should weigh 20 pence, the penny 24 grains, "which 24 by weight then appointed were as much as the former 32 grains of wheat" (i.e., as fixed by Henry III in 1265). A penny *force* (i.e., a heavy penny) to weigh $25\frac{1}{2}$ grains; the penny *deble* or *feble* (i.e., the lightest to be tolerated) $22\frac{1}{2}$ grains.* These variations tolerated in the weight are what is technically known as the "remedy" and were a necessary evil in those days when coining implements were so imperfect that it was not possible always to strike off the exact legal weight. An agreement for a new coinage on this standard was entered into between the king and William de Turnemire of Marseilles, dated Thursday, the Feast of the Conception of the Blessed Mary, in the eighth year of King Edward (i.e. December 8th, 1279), and he was to begin work on the morrow of the Circumcision in the same year (i.e. January 2nd). Again, by 12 Henry VIII, c. v, it was enacted that "every pound should contain 12 ounces of troy weight, and every ounce 20 sterlings (i.e., pennies or pennyweights) and every sterling to be of the weight of 32 grains of wheat that grew in the midst of the ear of wheat according to the old laws of the land."

Thus it would seem that it is to Edward I that we owe the old familiar formula, "24 grains one pennyweight," and this was, as we have seen, equal to the 32 grains formerly assigned to the pennyweight. This ratio, 24-32 or 3-4, is the natural proportion between grains of wheat and barley-corns, and is the proportion assigned by the Romans so that, as Ridgeway has remarked, "the barley-corn and the troy grain are the same thing." It was this same king who first deliberately ignored the multiplication table or table of weights—"24 grains one dwt.," etc., and issued the penny at a slightly debased standard of weight which was the beginning of a continual process of debasement, causing untold sufferings to generations and making its effects felt to the present day.

The standard of fineness, 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure silver,

* Quoted by Stow in his *Survey of London*, ed. 1633, p. 45; also cited in Camden's *Remains from an old Register of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmund*

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with 18 dwts. of alloy to the pound, remained intact until the shocking debasements at the time of the Reformation, but already in the reign of Edward I the weight of the penny was reduced by about $\frac{1}{4}$ grain, or from $22\frac{1}{2}$ to $22\frac{1}{4}$ grains, and subsequent reductions reduced it to a shadow of its former self, so that in 1465 its official weight was only 12 grains or about half of its original standard, and by the end of the Sixteenth Century it was reduced to one-third. In 1551 the weight of the silver penny was reduced to 8 grains, and after the 43rd Elizabeth to less than 8. Since the reign of Charles II, no silver pennies have been coined for general circulation and they are now only coined as Maundy money at the weight of 7.27272 grains.

So far the silver penny and pound. We must now explain the origin and meaning of the "sovereign" or so-called gold pound. The first coinage of gold since the Conquest appears to have been in the year 1245, as Capgrave, in his *Chronicle*, has the following entry under that date :

"In the XXX yere of his (Henry III) regne he let make a new money of gold, which we clepe (call) now a ferthing of gold : than thei cleped it a peny of gold ; for this was the cry thoru the land, that no man refuse a peny of gold, but take it in stede of xxd." Lord Liverpool is thus wrong in assigning the first coinage of gold to the forty-third year of Henry III. This piece was of pure gold and weighed two sterlings or pennies, i.e., about 45 grains, and was to pass for 20 pence in tale, the ratio of gold to silver being thus fixed at 10 : 1. But England was not yet ripe or rich enough for a gold coinage. The new pieces were too valuable for general use, and besides they were under-rated in proportion to silver. The London citizens objected to them, and the king by proclamation made their currency optional, as before he had made it obligatory. Their value was subsequently raised to 24 silver pennies, but their circulation seems to have been short-lived and apparently there were no further attempts at a gold coinage till the reign of Edward III, when gold permanently stepped in as a rival to silver, to the utter

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confusion and derangement of the monetary equilibrium of the country for many centuries, until in the Nineteenth Century gold finally supplanted silver as the sole legal tender and standard of value.

The first gold "pound," or sovereign, may be considered to have been evolved out of the gold rial (real), or rose-noble of Edward IV, as Henry VII, in 1488, struck a new gold coin to weigh double the real, i.e., 256 grains (Liverpool; according to others, 240 grains), and to pass for twice the enhanced value of the real (10s.), i.e., for 20s. It was called a *Double Real*, or a *Sovereign*, from its device (the king seated in royal robes on a throne), but few apparently were coined.

The value of the sovereign was raised from 20 shillings to 22s. 6d. in the 18th of Henry VIII, who also had a double sovereign, half-sovereign, gold crown, and half-crown struck, also a new gold coin called the *George Noble*, while the old rose nobles and angels still circulated, so that there was a bewildering variety of old and new denominations. In his 34th year (1543) he coined gold sovereigns of a new and debased standard (22 carats fine, called Crown gold), and weight (8 dwts. 8 grs.) to pass for 20s. They were further debased by himself and his son, Edward VI, who raised the nominal value of the old standard sovereign to 30s. The quantity of gold in the sovereigns and other coins was further reduced by Elizabeth and James I.

The *Guinea* was first coined in the 15th year of Charles II (1663), and was so called because it was made out of gold imported from West Africa by the Guinea Company. It was really nothing else than a sovereign or twenty-shilling piece and weighed 5 dwts. 9½ grs. (129½ grs.), and was to pass for 20s. The value of 21s. which it afterwards acquired was merely due to the accidental variations in the proportional values of gold and silver. The guinea remained current at 20s. till the Revolution of 1688, after which its value rose as high as 30s. owing to the debased state of the silver currency; but after the reform of the silver coin, the value of the guinea fell to 21s. 6d., and

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in 1717 it was by law artificially, but permanently, fixed at 21s. on the recommendation of Sir Isaac Newton.

Guineas were struck for the last time in 1813, since when they have been merely a money of account, their place being taken since 1817 by the sovereign, weighing about 123½ grains and passing for 20s. For many years gold had been practically the chief commercial standard, but silver was supposed still to hold its ancient position as a standard, though no longer the only or the chief one; but by an Act of 1816 legal recognition was given to the new state of affairs, and gold legally and effectually took possession of the field as the sole standard of value, and legal tender to any amount.

By the Coinage Act of 1870, 934½ sovereigns are to be coined out of 20 lbs. weight troy of standard gold, of 22 carats fine and 2 carats alloy; in other words, the ounce of gold is coined into £3 17s. 10½d., the standard weight of each sovereign being 123.2747 grains and the least legal current weight being 122½ grains. These decimals and fractions bear testimony to the haphazard way in which the present standard coin of England has been evolved after a series of changes in which the weight and fineness, and the material itself, of the legal tender have been frequently debased. The sovereign or pound of to-day in its size and weight represents nothing in particular, whereas in a scientifically organized currency it might be made to have a definite relation to units both of weight and measurement.

Thus the English pound of money meant originally 240 silver pence weighing collectively one pound weight of silver. In the course of time the silver penny was reduced in weight, so that 240 no longer made a pound in weight. The pound in weight and the pound in money or tale first parted company in the reign of Edward I, who in 1300 coined 243 pennies out of the Tower pound, so that the money pound of 240 pence was now less than the pound weight by the weight of three of Edward's pennies. This divergence between the pound in weight and the pound in tale or in money reached its climax in 1600,

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when Elizabeth coined the pound troy weight of silver into 62 shillings, or three pounds, two shillings, in tale or in money, so that the silver money pound was now reduced more than one-third in value; in other words so far from containing one pound weight of silver as it did originally, it now contained less than one-third pound weight. This was the last depreciation of the silver pound as long as it remained full legal tender. It is true that in 1816, by 56 Geo. III, the pound weight troy of silver was ordered to be coined into 66 shillings, as is done at the present day, instead of 240 pence (or 20 shillings) as formerly, but by the same act silver ceased to be legal tender beyond 40 shillings, and the public right of having silver coined at the Mint was abolished, so that the silver coins have become mere tokens, having a fictitious, artificial value, which has no reference to the ancient silver pound, which by the same act was superseded by the sovereign or gold "pound," so called because it was nominally the equivalent in gold of the former silver pound, but which, as a matter of fact, does not correspond to a pound weight or any definite weight of silver.

PATRICK NOLAN, O.S.B.

THE FUTURE OF ANGLICANISM

RENAN, in his *Vie de Jésus*, says that to write the history of a religion one must have believed it once, but believe it no longer. Whatever element of truth there may be in such a generalization it would be difficult for a future historian of the Church of England, to whom it might apply, to put it to the test. For although he might be quite certain that at one period of his life he had undoubtedly belonged to that institution, he would be equally doubtful as to what, then, he had really believed in concerning it. He would find no difficulty in compiling a textbook of facts. The progress of the Church of England, as a self-constituted entity, from the time of the Reformation, can easily be traced step by step. Each important event in its ecclesiastical and political life can be verified and noted down. Its separation from Rome, begun by Henry VIII, and consummated under Elizabeth; its series of Prayer Books; its relations with Catholics and Protestants for the last 350 years; its internal warfare, finally resulting in the "glorious comprehensiveness" that shelters and abets the antagonisms of its numberless conflicting parties—all is clear to probation.

But what the Church of England really believes, what it authoritatively teaches and disallows, what membership of it involves, where its lines of demarcation actually lie, would be matters difficult, if not impossible, to determine, and might well appear to Catholics, as Macaulay said of the ideas of Mr. Robert Montgomery, "great mysteries." Yet they are less mysterious to those who, like myself, have for years lived within the Anglican fold, and have fought with passionate conviction in the ranks of the High Church party for the success of its cause. In the Church of England there are comparatively few people who would care to assert with conviction that it has a mind of its own. Rather would they acknowledge that

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it ought to have such a mind, and will have in the future, if the line of thought they themselves follow, the party to which they adhere, ultimately triumph. Extraordinary and anomalous as such a position may well seem, it is yet worth examination, and in the case of the High Church party, at least, it has aroused an enthusiasm, and been maintained with a self-sacrifice, that would do honour to any cause. Catholics, in their attitude towards this party, ought, I think, to take note of three facts.

First, that it is, or has been until recently, the one party in the Church of England that has given evidence of some conception of unity, and has also become increasingly powerful.

Second, that only those who have lived within it can properly understand its position and its ideals.

Third, that it is undoubtedly the most formidable rival of Catholicism in England, and has hitherto been its chief supplanter.

This third point is especially worth consideration. For, with some few and expert exceptions, the attitude of Catholics towards the High Church party has been, I will venture to say, a blend of ignorance, indifference, misapprehension, and ill-concealed contempt. By them the High Churchman has been, until quite recently at any rate, regarded as a mere Ritualist, a slavish imitator of Rome and things Roman, a lover of the beauties and sweets of Catholicism while shirking its discipline, wilfully blind to the claims of the Holy See, equally a heretic with all other Protestants, and saddled with the additional crime of bad faith. Since my conversion to the Catholic Church I have been frequently asked by clergy and laity alike, "Why don't the High Church take the only possible and logical step and make their submission? How can they honestly remain where they are? Is it possible that they can do so, and yet be in good faith?" I think that the time is coming, nay, has even already come, when the High Church leaders and the people who follow them will have to ask themselves this question very seriously, in view of the new and sinister circum-

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stances in which they now find themselves, and I shall refer to this later. But when, at the close of Mass and at Benediction, we listen to the prayers for the conversion of England to the Faith, it is useful to remember that it is the High Church party from whom we ought to have most reason for hope and whom we consequently cannot reasonably ignore.

The standpoint of the High Churchman of to-day is not, it must be remembered, a novelty begotten by the exigencies of his case—opportune assumption put forth as a defence against those who disagree with, criticize, and attack him. Through the centuries which separate him from the Reformation he can point to a line of distinguished writers and thinkers whose opinions were the ancestors of his own. The view that the Church of England at the Reformation voluntarily and wilfully separated itself from the rest of the Catholic Church in the essentials of doctrine, discipline and practice, has never held the field in numbers of its most pious and learned minds. The whole purport of such a book as *The Counter Reformation in the Church of England*, written last year by Mr. Spencer Jones, which sets forth the view of 90 per cent. of High Churchmen, is an attempt, and an extremely able attempt, to show that the Church of England never of her own volition submitted to the religious innovating tyranny of Henry VIII, but was gagged, browbeaten and terrified into a servitude alien to her principles and spirit.

"Thus," he says, "with all Catholic influence and teaching gradually shut off and cut out, with Catholic prelates who dared to protest and protect the faith deprived of their sees often without even the show of a trial, supplanted by teachers of the 'new opinions,' and themselves cast into prison; with Convocation, in spite of its earnest and repeated protests, simply ignored, the Church and the country were left at the mercy of minds of one mould though not always of one motive, who foisted and fastened upon us formularies with no authority to support them, and who went on finally to insult our

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common sense by calling this a 'settlement'; thus leaving to later generations, after this policy of force had been withdrawn, the invidious, the formidable, but also the inevitable project of a Counter-reformation."

The clergy who conformed to the First Prayer Book of 1549, and many who did so to its successors; Archbishop Laud and the Caroline divines of the Seventeenth Century; ascetical writers like William Law of the Eighteenth; the seven bishops and their non-juring followers; these and many others kept alive through years of stagnation the supposed "Catholic" tradition and continuity of the Church of England. That tradition, eighty years ago, was dying, but not dead. Not long after Waterloo the greatest men in Church and State considered that the Church was drawing its last breaths as an institution that could effect anything of use or of good to the nation and was nearly ready for the winding sheet. The Prime Minister warned it to set its house in order. The Archbishop of Canterbury doubted if it could long survive. The clergy were engaged in hunting, fishing and farming. The laity were apathetic and indifferent. Wesley and Whitefield had torn every enthusiastic adherent from the Church's fold. A new spiritual principle was needed if the decaying mass could long survive, and Keble, Pusey, Newman, and the leaders of the Oxford movement thought they had found it. It was the principle, tenaciously held ever since by their successors, of the inherent Catholicity of the English Church. The late Henry Offley Wakeman in his *History of the Church of England*, wrote :

It was the special work of the Oxford Tractarians to justify this principle as the true principle of English Christianity, by explaining, to a generation which had to a great extent forgotten both theology and ecclesiastical history, the doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church as it is found in the Creed, and by proving it to be the doctrine of the Church of England.

And it has been the work of the host of teachers and writers who have succeeded them to convince thousands of the truth of their arguments.

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A merciless analysis of the Book of Common Prayer has shown it to be a studied standard of compromise between Catholicism on the one hand and Puritanism on the other. Although in the book there is no mention of the Mass as a sacrifice for the living and the dead, invocation of saints, prayers for the dead, Purgatory, and the necessity at least of the Easter penance, it has been pointed out that omission is not necessarily prohibition, and that in its preface are the words, covering a multitude of sins!—"And therefore of the sundry alterations proposed unto us we have rejected all such as were either of dangerous consequence (as secretly striking at some established doctrine or laudable practice of the Church of England, or, indeed, of the whole Catholic Church of Christ) or else of no consequence at all, but utterly frivolous and vain." The Thirty-nine Articles are explained as a confusion of loose terminology—which, indeed, an examination of them will easily show to be the case—referring, in their anti-Roman expressions, to abuses current at the time in which they were written; and susceptible of a Catholic interpretation; a view of them, once held by Newman himself, which resulted in the famous Tract 90.

The twenty-eighth article, for instance, which obviously reads as if it condemned transubstantiation (and which I have not the slightest doubt thoroughly intended to do so, and to mean what it said) is got over on the ground that it was drawn up by Cranmer before the session of the Council of Trent which defined the doctrine had taken place, and therefore could not be adduced as an official condemnation of the teaching of the Roman Church, but only of abuses of it current at the time. The Ordinal, though radically altered in wording and structure, is yet affirmed to have clearly intended the conferring of the priesthood, as is shown by its title, and also by the words "Receive the Holy Ghost for the work of a priest in the Church of God," etc. The Pope—so it is argued—was merely relegated to the position he had held in the eyes of the ancient Fathers, as *primus inter pares*, and submission to him, unnecessary as an "esse" of the

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Church, had been made still more impossible by his modern, unscriptural, and uncatholic assumption of infallibility.

Such are the arguments with which every young clerical recruit to the High Church army is equipped on entering what is to him a crusade for the deliverance of his Church. A hundred teachers of undoubted erudition have assured him that he is in the true line of the apostolic succession—indeed, this is so taken for granted that he rarely troubles even to glance at his genealogical tree—that the Catholic doctrine of the Church and the Sacraments is undoubtedly that of the Church of England, that this doctrine has for generations been submerged and stifled by an alien Protestantism which is fast being cast off, that he will be following in the honourable path of those who have suffered persecution at the hands of ignorant spiritual rulers, and have bled and conquered before him, and that by his efforts the ideal of a purified and reunited universal Church will be brought nearer realization. With the pragmatism that he shares in common with his race, he can proudly point, without the possibility of contradiction, to the great results that have been accomplished by the Catholic party. That these results are far-reaching cannot be gainsaid. Except in the rapidly diminishing extreme Protestant section of the Church, there are few corners of it that have not in some way felt and been affected by its influence.

Bishops have been forced to regard themselves at least as spiritual if one-sided rulers, and not as mere state hirelings. Cathedrals are ceasing to be mere empty shells, and are becoming centres, more or less, of a certain life and energy. Churches have been adorned and beautified. Numberless guilds for the setting forth and advancement of the spiritual life are flourishing. Missions and retreats are continually held. Religious communities of both sexes are recognized and approved even by the authorities. Thousands of people regard the use of the Sacrament of Penance as part of the normal religion of their lives. Many thousands more receive Holy Com-

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munion weekly, and even daily Communion is rapidly becoming not uncommon. In dozens of churches in London alone the sacrament is reserved, and in many of them public devotions to it are held two or three times a week. The whole of the normal ceremonial of the Catholic Church is set forth before the eyes of numbers of approving congregations. As a bulwark of defence, and also on occasions a powerful weapon of attack, is the English Church Union, with a membership of many thousands, to say nothing of such societies as the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, the Federation of Catholic Priests, the Guild of the Love of God, and, most advanced and pugnacious of all, the recently formed Federation of Catholic Laity. The Anglo-Catholic Congress of last July, when 14,000 enthusiasts met for three days in the Albert Hall, was an imposing demonstration of strength, and even the Bishop of London, surprised at its numbers, made a belated appearance on its platform. Exclusive Protestantism in the Church of England is a dying thing, incapable of arousing the slightest enthusiasm, and of late years has subsided into the dreary platitudes of the Islington gatherings, or the oppressive pietism of Keswick. Militant Protestantism has gradually flickered out since the death of John Kensit, and the denunciations of the Wycliffe preachers and the lurid appeals of the *English Churchman* to the sturdy Protestantism of the British nation fall on deaf ears, and only result in the affording of a certain languid amusement to the rank and file of the Catholic party. Until the last five years or so, it appeared as if the Catholic party, having vanquished its active opponents, not only in disputation, but in the ecclesiastical courts as well, had only to accomplish, in course of so many years more or less, the leavening of the inert and moderately inclined mass of the Church, which inclines to no party in particular, and has no distinctive watchword or propaganda of its own.

But there is a rift within the lute, another and a sinister side to the picture. New difficulties now beset the path

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of the movement, and more dangerous and subtle antagonists than the ignorant Protestantism it has hitherto had to encounter dispute the field, and will, I believe, ultimately lead to its disruption.

Nothing of late years has approached in significance the rapid growth of Modernism. At first confined to the studies of a few University professors, tentatively propagated in books that reached only a narrow academic circle and caused merely the ridicule of the High Churchmen, it now issues in an ever increasing flood of literature, and is fearlessly propagated as the re-discovered truth of Christ (or rather about the Person of Christ) as the panacea for the unbelief and apathy which the old faith has failed to cure. The Modernists now include bishops, deans, canons, professors and teachers of theological students, and numbers of the parochial clergy. In the pulpit and press such dogmas as the Divinity of our Lord, His Virgin Birth, Atonement, Bodily Resurrection, Heavenly Ascension, and even His sinlessness are treated as quite open questions, to say the least, and those who regard such beliefs as fundamentals of Christianity are labelled obscurantists and obstructors of truth. Not the slightest attempt is made by the bishops to check the spread of this teaching. Indeed, not long ago, the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote an appreciative preface to a book in which the Blessed Virgin was described as a widow with several children. During the progress of the "Taunton case" I was frequently taken to task for denunciations of the Modernists, and for saying that the bishops could spend their time more profitably in defending the faith of which, in the Church of England, they are the official guardians, than in worrying people like myself whose offence consisted in exalting the Blessed Sacrament. I was told that two blacks do not make one white, and that because bishops in general—and my own in particular—did nothing to safeguard the faith to their flocks, or bring to book its traducers, this was no reason why I should make their indifference an argument for continuing in disobedience. I really had no intention of doing so.

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My resistance to the Bishop of Bath and Wells was based on quite other grounds. But in the heat of a conflict on which such grave issues depended, it was surely not unnatural to challenge the justice towards others of those who were sitting in judgment on myself. The journal which represents the views of the Modernist party in the Church and is the organ of the "Churchman's Union," among whose vice-presidents and members of the council are dignitaries of all descriptions, is "*The Modern Churchman*," a magazine to maintain the cause of truth, freedom, and comprehensiveness in the Church of England." How effectually it does this may be judged from the following quotations.

In the issue of April, 1919, in an unsigned article, apparently an editorial, entitled "The Modernist and Miracles," the writer says:

It seems to be supposed that the mark of a Modernist is that he does not believe in the Virgin Birth of Jesus Christ. This is not the case. Quite a number of English Modernists do believe in it. The distinguishing mark of a Modernist in regard to it is twofold. First, he strongly objects to Christians being compelled to accept it as an essential of the Christian Faith. Christ, he is convinced, attached no importance to it. . . . The second mark of a Modernist is that he does not regard the Virgin Birth as having any evidential value. It affords him no convincing proof that Jesus Christ was God incarnate . . . *A priori* assumptions are deprecated by the Modernist. What he values is research. Furthermore, the Virgin Birth does not even prove to the Modernist that the human nature of Our Lord was free from what traditionalist theologians call "the taint of original sin." *Ex hypothesi* to achieve that result a series of incarnations would be necessary. For these reasons the Modernist deprecates so much emphasis on the Virgin Birth. He wishes the traditionalist would not obtrude it or insist on it.

In January, 1921, an editorial entitled "The Creed of the Reformed Church," referring to the World Conference of Faith and Order, at Geneva, says:

The importance of the Geneva Conference is attested by the fact that it was attended by delegates representing some forty

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nations and seventy autonomous Churches. The Church of Rome was the only large Christian communion which was not represented. . . . The Faith of the Reunited Church was the second subject of supreme importance to engage the attention of the Conference. Until this report came to hand we were afraid that there was a tendency to avoid going deeply into this subject, and that the Conference would be disposed to adopt the tempting and otiose policy of accepting the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds as the standard of faith. We congratulate the Conference on its courage in resolving to face this profound and difficult question—profound, because it demands that we shall answer the question: What essentially is Christianity? . . . If the Conference is resolved to answer this question, not with the well-worn dogmatic shibboleths of the traditional formularies . . . the Church of Christ will receive a vast increase of vital force. . . . It seems to us, therefore, that the World Conference would do well to get away from these controversial documents, the Catholic Creeds, and either write a new creed or else select a few great sentences from Christ's teaching . . .

On "The Passing of the Miraculous," in the same issue, the Editor says:

The January *Hibbert Journal* contains three articles by well-known members of the Churchman's Union . . . Miss Dougall deals faithfully and helpfully with some recent utterances of Canon Quick and Dr. Temple, in reference to the miraculous. She writes: "The old pre-Christian faith in a God who at times breaks in and does all that he wills has grown with the higher faith, as tares grow up with wheat; but as tares and wheat grow together, the difference gradually becomes plain: the one will support life, the other will not." . . . Belief in the miraculous received its death blow (in the war) so far as the modern Christian world was concerned. . . . A few academic theologians may maintain it still, since a waning conception of what constitutes orthodoxy seems to them to demand it, but the post-war Christian has ceased to be interested in the subject.

After this, the post-war Christian will know what to expect as to the views of "Twenty-four distinguished churchmen (lay and clerical) of Liberal sympathies" on "The Creed of the Reunited Church." These modern editions of Sirmium are published in the following

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number of *The Modern Churchman*. A few quotations will suffice. The Churchwarden of Birmingham Cathedral, Sir William Ashley, says, "It is not necessary that the common Faith should be stated in the form of a Creed; since it is better expressed in the language of devotion than in the language of philosophy or history." Lord Charnwood, a member of the Church Assembly, speaks of Baptism and Holy Communion as "simple institutions which seem to many people to have been prescribed for this purpose by Our Lord Himself," and thinks that these "with the possession of some sort of ordered ministry" are all that is needed. The Archdeacon of Westminster is inclined to agree with "possibly the Apostles' Creed re-edited in the light of God's subsequent revelation in man's spiritual experience, thought, and history, and in science. . . . The second paragraph needs several changes, as in the words 'descended into hell,' 'ascended into heaven,' etc. The words 'the Virgin' and 'the third day' might be left out, or, if retained, a footnote added that belief in the literal truth of these phrases was not binding on churchmen." In contrast with this obliquitous nonsense, the "gloomy Dean" is brief, and for once really bright. Dr. Inge only says, "I do not see any possible basis of reunion between Protestant and Catholic Churches. The differences are fundamental. I should keep the Te Deum and drop the Three Creeds."

On the cover of the magazine from which these quotations are taken appears an advertisement of Ripon Hall, Oxford, a college which exists to provide "an adequate modern training for candidates for Holy Orders in any diocese." Its Principal is the editor of *The Modern Churchman*, and its visitor is the Bishop of Oxford. The Bishop of Oxford is rather a favourite with High Churchmen. He might, indeed, himself be described as a very moderate one. Some months ago he met in conference at Cuddesdon Palace a few of the moving spirits of that party. This summer a meeting of the newly-formed "Fellowship of the servants of Christ," an outcome of

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the Anglo-Catholic Congress, is to be held under his presidency. One would naturally suppose that one of the first questions to be discussed would be his relation to a theological college whose Principal regards the Creeds as controversial documents it is high time to shelve, the Virgin Birth of Our Lord as of trifling importance, and who hails the "disappearance of the miraculous from the world of modern religious thought."

Knowing the traditions of the High Church party, its past struggles with its Fathers in God, its championship of orthodoxy, one might indeed have imagined that, however awkward the situation might become, such an opportunity for a straight question upon an apparently clear issue would not be let drop. But one can say, almost with certainty, that no such *contretemps* is in the minds of the promoters of the gathering. The question will not be put, much less will it be discussed. It will not be put because the Catholic party in the Church of England does not stand where it did. It is powerful—its opponents confess it—it is composed of numbers of most zealous and hard-working men. But it is becoming popular; and with increasingly few individual exceptions it is discovering a better way of dealing with its sworn antagonists than by fighting them. It is embarked on the tortuous policy of coming to terms with them. No one really believes for a single moment that the vast majority of Anglican bishops approve, in their souls, of a fifth part of its doctrine or a fiftieth part of its habitual practice. Most of them, if it were possible, would reduce the extreme party to submission to-morrow. But persecutions and prosecutions are not very popular, they raise a lot of unpleasant dust, and the bishops have found a better way. Unable to cut off the head they can still draw the sting from the tail. A significant incident of the first Anglo-Catholic Congress passed almost unnoticed, obscured by the oratory that preceded it. The Bishop of Chelmsford attended the closing conversazione of the Congress. His Lordship had been at the time engaged in reducing to order the incumbent of Thaxted, a clergy-

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man of great ability, zeal, and influence in his parish. Benediction and processions of the Sacrament were prohibited by telegram, his curate was inhibited, and the Vicar's health nearly broke down under the strain of defending what he believed to be the honour due to our Lord in the Sacrament. At the same time and in the same diocese an incumbent who had declaimed, in his pulpit, against too much "Jesus worship," was still without let or hindrance, without even any public rebuke, in control of his benefice. Yet the Bishop of Chelmsford was able to appear at a gathering of those whose sole *raison d'être* in the Church of England—I had almost said whose sole charter of existence—was to defend the faith which, as everyone knew, was the ground for his Lordship's attack on his subordinate. One of the chief promoters of the Congress remarked, "I really don't know why the Bishop of Chelmsford comes here to eat our strawberries!" I think I can tell him why. It was only possible because the Catholic party are beginning to make terms with their natural enemies, or rather because their enemies are beginning to understand how to handle them. Modernism, and the spirit of modernism, is rapidly capturing the Church of England. It has caught the hitherto arid and unaffected imagination of those large tracts of indeterminate churchmanship which the Catholic party has never been able to touch. Three years ago it was said to me, by one whose experience gave him every opportunity for judging, and himself a High Churchman, "You think that your party is getting the upper hand, and that you are with the flowing tide. But the truth is, it is all the other way. It is the Modernists and their ways of thinking that are getting hold of the Church. You are fiddling, while it is burning." He was perfectly right. The tide is flowing steadily in one direction, and the Catholic party, unable to stem it, is learning that discretion is the better part of valour, and is beginning to swim with it. The Catholic party is no longer driving but being driven; no longer leading but being led. Again and again in past years have its self-

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constituted leaders assured it that the limit of forbearance in submitting to association with heretical teachers had been reached. In 1913 the Kikuyu scandal, and the call to arms of the Bishop of Zanzibar were really going to bring matters to a crisis. The over-charged train had long been ready, and now we certainly had found the match. But the match fizzled out, and no one now seems quite able to decide where the train exactly is, or rather where it was. Some even suspect a leakage, and that it has trickled beyond its borders. The appointment of Dr. Henson to the see of Hereford provided the next *casus belli*. Quotations from the Dean's published heresies appeared in the *Church Times*; the E.C.U. got to work; and petitions were dropped in the Lambeth letter box from every advanced church in the country. But the diplomacy of the Archbishop, the weight of the Establishment, and the compliance of the Cathedral Chapter, combined in a dead-lift effort, and High Churchmen were again cajoled into accepting a bishop whose *ex animo* profession of orthodoxy scarcely a soul *ex animo* believed in.

Through such smooth experiences the bishops of the Established Church have by this time come to realize that although High Churchmen frequently threaten, as at the Anglo-Catholic Congress, to "die in the last ditch," a way can always be arranged by which they can crawl out at the last moment. Indeed, leaders of the movement like Mr. Underhill, recently given a Canonry by the Bishop of Birmingham, have for long counselled a suspension of arms: "Catholics" must recognize the perils of isolation, they must abandon the practice of abstention from such mixed gatherings as Diocesan Conferences, Ruridecanal Chapters, and other general Church organizations; a policy of isolation would only leave them—well, dangerously isolated; they would find themselves increasingly dispensed with as real factors in the life of the Church; Benediction, and all the other things for which they are justifiably longing, will come "as sure as the sun will rise"; meanwhile let Catholics

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make their influence felt by peaceful persuasion; let them freely mingle with those whose views and methods differ from their own, and leaven public opinion in the Church; those who are going forward, if they cannot move with us, will do so without us; the one fatal error is to be left high and dry out of the stream of Church life and thought, etc. The young Bishop of Nassau, once refused institution by the Bishop of Bath and Wells on the score of Mariolatry, followed in the same strain in his sermon before the E.C.U. last year. "Catholics" must beware of obscurantism. The text in St. Jude, "Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints" (on which his sermon was based), had really been worked for more than it would bear. Catholics must not fear the conclusions of others. They must not be afraid to explore the paths along which such thinkers as Professor Sanday and his school would lead them, etc. In a word, the modernistic spirit has subtly yet unmistakably entangled the High Church party in its drift, and those who imagine that it stands where it did, and presents its old unity of front, labour under an error. The majority of its rank and file are cajoled by their leaders into paths whose turnings they view with half-hearted distrust, yet cannot avoid. They dislike the *laissez-faire* policy of the bishops, yet are told that it is better to make every possible concession than to cause fresh disturbance at a critical time. They are alarmed at the Modernists, but are reassured that they are not so black as they paint themselves, and that Modernism is only, after all, one more of the numerous phases through which the Church has passed. Suspecting the whole machinery of the Parochial Church Councils, they are advised to make the best of a bad job, and work to the best advantage an objectionable innovation. Unable to damn them with faint praise, they praise them with faint damns. And indeed, this latter innovation, ably organized and carried through Parliament and the Church by the Life and Liberty Movement, is not only an innovation, but a revolution. While High Churchmen have

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been arguing and balancing, this movement, the real spearhead of Modernism, has been acting. The Enabling Act has brought into being an enormous assemblage of Churchmen and Churchwomen of every conceivable variety of thought, whose decisions on any ecclesiastical subject under the sun, from intercommunion with Nonconformists to communion with divorced persons, will increasingly throw the opinions of even a reformed Convocation completely into the shade. The Representative Assembly has just succeeded in delimiting the functions of the new parish councils, bodies which are elected by all over the age of 18 who can qualify by the production of a baptismal certificate. High Churchmen, thus brought face to face with a system which they almost universally detest, but cannot obviate, endeavour to circumvent it by the method of packing their Church Councils with members on whose votes they can rely. This may answer for a time; it evades the real purpose of the Act, and what is of more importance, the real object of the "Life and Liberty" promoters, which is to democratize the Church and effectually scotch the power of the parson. But "Life and Liberty," which is even now entering on a fresh and enthusiastic campaign for the education of "Church opinion," holds a brief which will not be merely that of watching. As Dr. Liddon said years ago, "The tiger has tasted blood." He has, indeed, and he will taste a good deal more.

By the new Parish Councils Act, almost every vestige of control of Church finance is removed from the hands of the incumbents and the churchwardens and placed in those of the Parochial Council. Indeed, under the act, churchwardens themselves are not bound even to be professing churchmen. The Council possesses the "power to make representations to the bishop with regard to any matter affecting the welfare of the Church in the parish." This might sound innocuous to those unversed in the relations of so many of the Anglican laity to their clergy; but the clergy, and the High Church clergy in particular, who will be the more affected by it,

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are perfectly aware that it is an official encouragement of delation to the bishop on any point of doctrinal or ceremonial divergence. The speech of Sir William Joynson Hicks, M.P., on March 31st, in the Representative Church Assembly, is free from any ambiguity. "Parliament," he said, "had intended the Enabling Act to be a charter of lay liberties and rights, and if this measure went there in an emasculated form, it would not pass easily." In a word, by this measure the rights and authority of the clergy are practically thrust aside, and the enthusiasm of the bishops for it is easily understandable, since it elevates them more completely than ever before into the position of a number of popes, whose decisions on points of dispute between the clergy and the new ecclesiastical democracy will be final, and for all practical purposes as good as infallible. And the past experience of High Churchmen will be able to forecast those decisions in most given instances with tolerable accuracy. Nor have they received more cause for satisfaction in the resolutions of the Lambeth Conference. These resolutions, which received the signature of the Bishop of Zanzibar—although he announced that as far as his own diocese was concerned certain objectionable statements would be expunged—have committed the Church to prospects to which the whole spirit of Catholicism is opposed. Yet, strange to say, they have received commendation, in one or two instances, from a quarter from which it might least have been expected. One Catholic writer, in particular, displayed an enthusiasm for the Conference which surprised most High Churchmen (who felt very little for it themselves) almost as much as it amazed Catholics. Apart from the fact that the members of the Conference were not bishops at all, in the true sense of the word, it is difficult to believe that a writer who can, *inter alia*, favourably contrast the meeting of the Lambeth Fathers with the first four Ecumenical Councils, can have any real conception of the theological trend that prompted their resolutions, or of the result they are now accomplishing. But distance lends enchantment. A duke

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might profess to see a certain picturesqueness in the dress of a dustman, since he has not the slightest intention or inclination to assume it himself. But to go further, and to allow that, with some slight alteration, such an attire would be suitable for his drawing-room, would be hardly wise. It might even lead to misunderstanding, if taken too literally.

The Lambeth resolutions have committed the Church of England to an official alliance with the Church of Sweden, whose orders it recognizes. Complete intercommunion is recommended, and on the morrow of the Conference, the Bishops of Hereford and Peterborough proceeded to Upsala, and assisted at an ordination at which the "Mass," as far as the Sanctus, was performed in the morning, and the remainder, including a large communion, was finished off in the evening. Individual bishops are permitted to exercise their private judgment in dispensing, on occasions, with the rite of confirmation, as a concession to the tender consciences of "non-episcopal congregations." Resolution 53, on the ministry of women, has promptly been taken advantage of by the upper House of Convocation, which has passed a resolution allowing women to preach to members of their own sex, the proposal to allow their sermons to mixed congregations at liturgical services, being defeated only by a casting vote. There is not the slightest guarantee that in a year or two, or whenever the more thorough-going members of the Representative Council are strong enough to apply the screw, a result far more in accordance with their wishes will not be accomplished. Indeed, every Anglican signpost points the inevitable direction.

The question then arises, What is the future of the High Church party? It is difficult to believe that, entangled in this turgid stream, it will make no real effort to free itself, to separate itself from those with whom it is compelled, willy nilly, to associate, and yet who have less sympathy and vital connection with its every principle than with the man in the moon. To those who really believe in heart and soul that the Son of Mary is Divine,

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that the ideal of a One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church is the expression of His perfect Will for mankind, that in the Sacrament of His Body and Blood He is to be adored and exalted, that wilful heresy is a deadly and soul-destroying error, and that Divine Truth is one and immutable, and cannot be tampered or paltered with, three courses appear to be open. They can obviously remain where they are. They can still consort on equal terms with those whose belief in God is little more than a thinly disguised pantheism, with those who treat the Scriptures with less respect than they treat Shakespeare, whose creed is intellectual licence, and to whom the very name of Catholic is a misnomer and a nuisance. They can still submit to ordination at the hands of bishops who have not yet made up their minds as to what it is they are actually conferring. They can acquiesce in a system which deliberately plays ducks and drakes with revealed truth, and, as a substitute, invents a new ecclesiastical novelty every year. But, as a result, they can hardly expect any attempted apologia of such a strange position to have any weight with those in the Establishment who have probed its weakness, and can afford to ignore it, conscious that with them is the flowing tide. Still less could they expect the slightest sympathy or understanding from Catholics to whom it must appear unworthy and contemptible. An alternative—often darkly hinted at—is that of leaving the Church of England in a body, and setting up (with a bishop or two) as a separate organization. Such a possibility is hardly worth consideration, not only because it is extremely improbable that it would ever be carried into effect, even if seriously put forward, but from its practical difficulty. Such a self-constituted body, itself a schism from a schism, would be so numerically insignificant, so completely vulnerable to attack from every quarter, that it could not long survive. It would be only a weaker edition of the Non-jurors, and would share the same fate. It would be outside the scope or the purpose of this article to make more than a passing reference to the Benediction

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struggle at Taunton. Its origin, progress, and final *dénouement* form a striking commentary on the position and personnel of Anglo-Catholicism, and is a story that yet remains to be fully told. But when, at the close of the long and wearying contest, I stood almost alone, there was gradually shown to me the only path I could with safety tread, the path I had faintly discerned at different times of my life, yet had shrunk from taking—the path that led to Rome. And at the risk of being accused of an egotism that I have at any rate no cause to feel, I believe that the principles, which, as an Anglican, I know I held in common with numbers of others, will ultimately, it may be sooner, it may be later, compel them to travel the same road.

I had come to realize, in the words of a recent French writer, "*Il est impossible d'être catholique dans l'église d'Angleterre.*" An obvious consideration which had crossed my mind at intervals for years past then rushed over me with convincing force. What was the real explanation of the total failure of the Church of England in every direction since its final separation from Rome under Elizabeth? For the previous thousand years it had been unmistakably the Church of the English people, ruling and guiding their spiritual lives, obeyed, loved and honoured. Its doctrine, authority and ceremonial had never been questioned. Yet, since 1558, it had completely lost all hold on the nation, and it had never since been even at one with itself. I considered the Eastern Church, towards which I, in common with so many Anglicans, had often looked with interest. Certainly it presented features of Catholicity to which the Anglican Church was a stranger. It was the Church of its people, its Orders were unquestionable. But it was divided into a number of loosely knit Patriarchates and national Churches: its erastianism was notorious; its creed contained a clause differing from that of the West; it made no claim to universality, much less did it include Anglicans, or admit them to its altars. I considered the "Old Catholics," gradually drifting to a

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more Protestant viewpoint, if report was true ; infinitesimal numerically, and not increasing. To what then was due the failure of the Church of England, the failure of the Old Catholics, the sluggishness, supernaturalism, and the divisions of the East ? Only one answer was possible, the only one that could explain the cumulation of facts—separation from Rome. In union with Rome you were safe, apart from Rome you were lost.

I began to realize that it was not a question of the validity of Anglican Orders, or indeed, of any of the pros and cons of Anglican argument. The only question really was, Is there anything now on earth that visibly and unmistakably corresponds to the promise of Christ, when He said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Is there a Church of God, whose visible unity witnesses before the world, as Christ said it should, to the truth of His Divine Person ; whose faith is the same in every age and in every place ; who speaks with the voice of Christ ; who is the infallible revelation of His Mind and Will, and in whom security and the assurance of grace can be found ? Alone among all Christian bodies on earth, the Roman Catholic Church does not flinch from the answer to this vital question, and the miracle of its continuous and unimpaired vitality through all the centuries is proof alone of the truth of its reply. As has been well said, "The greatest miracle of the Catholic Church is its own existence."

Our home is the home of our principles. Every principle that has ever sustained the High Anglican party in its struggle to maintain its existence is derived from that home, in which, 300 years back, every member of that party would unquestionably have found himself, and would have been horrified at the thought of forsaking. There are those whose eyes, as I know full well, are often turned wistfully towards home. They find themselves in an *impasse*, in which the negations of faith and unity that at first preserved them from extinction and even aided their advance are now operating to their confusion.

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The Church of England, which is daily sacrificing principle upon the altar of opportunism, and is dragging in the dust the Faith that High Anglicans know to be true, cannot, on every principle of truth, and that Catholicity to which they make appeal, be an abiding place for them. The way into the Catholic Church is not for very many the easiest road to follow. The separation from old associations, the severance of many ties, the loss, it may be, of position and influence, and even the struggle to live, are hard things to endure ; and the strangeness of a new and far wider environment seems, for a time, almost as hard to understand. Yet, for those who before all things profess to prize the truth, is it surely the road to travel. For at its end is the everlasting City, whose walls are Salvation and whose gates are Praise.

R. A. WYNTER.



GERVASE ELWES

Ut vocem Deus a terris arcesseret istam
Numquid et angelicis defuit una choris ?

R. A. KNOX.

PASSIONTIDE COM- MUNION

NOT in the Sepulchre Thou art
Till the Third Day shall bid Thee rise :
Thou hast chosen my cold and lifeless heart
To rest as it were Paradise.

Not in the rock-hewn grave Thou'rt laid,—
For that were warm beside my chill—
On a hard breast Thou'st leant Thy head
And of cold love Thou hast Thy fill.

Thou had'st Thy Mother's knees, her arm,
And wherefore camest Thou to this strait ?
This, that not even Thy love can warm,
A heart deflowered and violate.

But still Thou wilt not rise, be gone,
Unto the Third Day's miracle.
On this impure heart, cold as stone,
Thou art content and sleepest well.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

PHŒNIX INTER FLAMMAS EXPIRANS

(Rendering from the Mediæval)

DAUGHTERS of Zion
Listen, at last, to me ;
Look on my malady ;
Tell my beloved one
Wounded by love am I,
Love is the death of me.

With lilies comfort me
Weary and languorous ;
Prop me with citron and
Gold-fruited apple wood ;
In too devouring
Flames am I melting.

Bring odoriferous,
Bring soporiferous
Branches, to build me—
Build me a death-nest ;
Phœnix, I'll die in flame,
Thence to arise again.

Whether love anguish be,
Or anguish love be,
Either I know not ;
Only this do I know,
If anguish be love,
Anguish is joy to me.

Why, Love, torment me so ?
No more respite me ;
Tardy thy tyranny !
Moments long years are ;
Ah ! but thy wounds bring
Death all too slowly.

Break, O my soul, the thread
Here to life binding thee ;
Fire to mount upward
Longs, and attain to the
Courts of high Heaven ;
There is my country.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

NOVEMBER

(From the Russian)

WINTER is near, the golden leaves
Lie on the ground in wind-swept sheaves,
The scarlet berries light us still
As you and I go down the hill :

Go down the hill, while stars grow bright,
And hand-in-hand we meet the night :
Tears in my eyes you cannot see,
But let my silence speak for me.

ETHEL DESBOROUGH.

PALINODIA EPICUREA

On the conflict between Drs. Postgate and Housman,
in the *Classical Review* anent Ovid's use of *nihil*.

"De nilo nil fit" : nihil hoc jam credere fas est :
Fit fel de nihilo, fit furor, Archilochis.

R. G. BURY.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

THE novelist is rarely a preacher. The former depicts human nature, the latter tries to rectify or direct it. Hence some may hear with surprise of a book of *Sermons by Canon Sheehan*, with a Preface by M. J. Phelan, S.J. (Maunsel, Dublin). The Sermons were preached mostly in England at a time when the Canon was a young priest and before his vocation of story-telling was realized; for in a drastic sermon on Bad Books he says: "With regard to the literature of magazines and novels . . . if I had my way I would absolutely condemn them." The subject matter of the collection is concerned with the great festivals, the great devotions, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. It is a round of inspiration and information on Catholic doctrine, clear, simple, attractive and correct. The ethical standard presented to the reader is that of the good man of the world. Here and there, perhaps, we may detect an exaggeration or feel that the situation no longer exists in which the words were uttered. But the skill of description, the depth and flow of emotion are evidenced in the discourses on the Passion and the Sorrows of Mary, and in the two thrilling studies, as we may call them, of St. Augustine of Hippo and St. Alphonsus. From all this the reader will rightly infer that the collection forms a characteristic addition to our religious literature. We may hope that many will be drawn to read these earnest words because they are the sermons of a novelist whom they appreciate.

H. P.

MR. GERALD O'DONOVAN is learning his art. *Father Ralph* was somewhat inchoate. It was good in bits, but it was not a good novel, either in matter or form. It was not ripe: it had its acidities and crudities: it often set the teeth on edge and its interest depended little on the characters and their fates, but largely on its bitter controversies. *Conquest* (Constable)

The Hounds of Banba

has travelled a long way from *Father Ralph*. If it were not for one unfortunate chapter at the beginning, where Mr. O'Donovan sets up the bishop and his priests, and demolishes them with such a furious shaking as a puppy might bestow on a rag-doll, the book is worthy and dignified. Already the novels of New Ireland have begun. There have been some half-dozen of them already, and this clearly thought out and well-knit book must rank high among them. Mr. O'Donovan knows his Ireland well, though he has lived out of it for some time. He is learning to know his England. His Foreign Office clerks, soldiers, and students are distinct and well realized. Tim, his Irish hero, is charming, though one feels that he trusted too long. His entourage, his mother, his fierce, fine old grandfather, his uncle, the priest, all are excellent. So are the country house parties where Mr. O'Donovan has a very sure touch. For an Irish reader the book offers an intense interest in its political aspect. For the general reader it will be overloaded with politics, and indeed the politics of this book will be distasteful to the many.

One *hopes*, but one is conscious of having an almost vain hope, that the book might go well at the libraries, since it might so filter in some knowledge of Irish affairs to the people to whom Ireland is as remote as Timbuctoo. One reader read every word of Mr. O'Donovan's long discussions with a thirst that asked for more. That reader implores Mr. O'Donovan to strike out the words "bishop" and "priest" from his offensive vocabulary.

K. T.

THE *Hounds of Banba*, by Daniel Corkery (The Talbot Press), is also inspired by New Ireland and from within. Mr. Corkery is an inspired schoolmaster from the Co. Cork, and there are indications in his short stories of a mastery of that art. *A Munster Twilight*, his first book of short stories, had some big things in it.

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The Hounds of Banba confirms the hopes raised by that remarkable first book. The stories are told by a Sinn Feiner who is "in his keeping." I think that is only a formula by which Mr. Corkery expresses his thoughts, but he certainly knows Sinn Fein from within, and anyone who desires to know the truth about Sinn Fein can go to this book to get it. People to whom the I.R.A. are "a murder-gang" will learn here how the I.R.A. regards itself, and it will be a surprising revelation that the boys who drill in the Irish mountains and go forth to slay may have as exalted an ideal as was that of the golden youth who went out to the war; and there is this difference, that England's soldiers had at least the law on their side, whereas these Irish Volunteers have little to expect beyond death, imprisonment, outlawry or exile. I would like to make every man who could bring imagination to the task, to read "The Ember," that strange, glowing, passionate exposition of the mind of the Irish patriot. I know no better prose-poetry than this. It makes me smile almost to see what Mr. Corkery can do with English, which doubtless, to him, is the enemy tongue. Few Englishman can make a more stately and flexible instrument of it. Here is a passage taken at random which may make some cease to read and others seek to read further:

It was a moonlight night in August full of tenderness and breadth and distance: and this, and the nature of the country—the huge rocks fallen on their faces spreading a cloak of shadow, the heathery slopes, unresponsive to the moonlight, while by it the leaping streams flashing and carolling, tireless in both—I will never forget it all—the night, the land, and then the men, the creatures of the land. Young colts were not so touchy, so eager, so highly-strung—so intelligent with spirit; their large eyes flashed at me in fiery earnestness. They would bark their shins against the juts of rock, rush unthinkingly through streams and boggy hollows, and leap across chasms that frightened me. We surrounded, or rather half-surrounded, our objective and most skilfully took it, a difficult *massif* that culminated in a huge leaning turret of rock called the Priest's Tower. Then we rested—there, between it and the gaping chasm below, on a narrow

The Hounds of Banba

slope of grass, cropped and re-cropped by those mountain sheep that our skirmishing had sent, with timid cries, scampering into the dark nooks. Above us, blanched in the moonlight, leaned the towering mass, not, indeed, unlike an epic priest : below us just a mass of shadow, with here and there a flank of rock bright with moonlight, and far under the shadow a leaping stream whose voice was so constantly in the ear that one forgot it, except in the silences. We looked down into it, the floating veil-like shadow, and leaning over us the rock-built priest also looked down into it, but with greater intentness, it would seem.

The book is full of the night and the music of the night, of moonlight and the feet of marching boys and the bright face of danger.

There is no misgiving but once. In the story called "A Bye-Thought" one is shaken with the terror of the man who has opened the flood-gates and suddenly blanches at the vision of all that it involves.

K. T.

Daniel Corkery has some claim to be regarded as Ireland's best short story teller. *The Hounds of Banba* haunt the reader in his dreams. They are certainly written in terse style, ascetic of phrases and even of incidents, in spite of which the agony is well piled. Corkery is the Irish Maupassant, save that sedition and not seduction is his theme. The workmanship of "Cowards" is extraordinarily good. If the perfect short story should be reconstructible from its climax, it is possible to imagine what has led up to such a paragraph as :

"And so the colonel lies buried in the old grey house on the South Point, almost as deeply, it would seem, as Thomas O'Miodhachain lies buried in his grave on the North Point, or his own dishonoured son in his unmarked sleeping-place in France. God be his comforting."

The political outweighs the sentimental, and sex, though we suspect not for theological reasons, takes a back place. "An Unfinished Symphony" describes a Sinn

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Feiner in love, but needless to say he is lodged in Cork gaol before he meets his beloved. Corkery has succeeded in throwing a terrible glamour over persons who are doing deeds of blood, and in some cases acts which are only scheduled as criminal, such as sheltering the fugitive. "Their forefathers had been doing as much for the hunted Gaels of four centuries, those shadowy, unnamed warriors, poets, stragglers, kerns, gallow-glasses, tories, rapparees, outlaws, whiteboys, fenians . . . a flash of princely pride in a peasant boy's face or a verse of vengeful curses from an old bedridden crone summoning them with rude potency from their haphazard graves." The hunted Sinn Feiner meets the last of the old Fenians dreaming. "'Twill come to pass," observes the latter, like the old prophecy man, who used to foretell political event by classical quotation, "the authors foretold it."

There is nothing more tragic than Colonel MacGillcuddy's homecoming. After serving the Empire he revolts in despair, but Sinn Fein will not listen to him, and he throws himself against an armoured car. "He sleeps in Muckross Abbey. Hundreds of other MacGillcuddies, soldiers also, sleep there too. Considering the story of his life, the manner of his swift death, it is curious to-day to try to imagine how those old Gaelic warriors received him their kinsman." Some of the stories leave a confused and discordant impression, but "The Price" makes a fine finale. The village saint is visiting a holy well when the village is fired. She climbs the village cross and her ecstatic appearance against the petrol flames terrifies the burners to flight. "On the steps she was found. She saved Ballinsky." "She did, and perhaps that is why she did not wait till her parents died before becoming a nun." "'Twas a sort of miracle." S. L.

AMONG the few men whose personality has made Dublin stand Hugh Lane, of whose achievement Lady Gregory writes in solemn reminiscence (John Murray). Learning at Colnaghi's the secrets of the master painters, he developed an uncanny knowledge of

Making of a Republic

pictures, made a fortune in picture dealing and spent it endowing Dublin with a picture gallery which drew attention from such widely removed artistic poles as Belfast and Paris. His detached and pure-flamed enthusiasm gave him the look of El Greco himself, and he was described as one who had "joined to the profession of a picture dealer the magnanimity of the Medici." He could guess the name of a painter as he passed in a cab with a glance into a shop window. At Christie's he was followed as a man of destiny is watched at the gaming tables. The best that he won went to Ireland in spite of the soulless churlishness of the Dublin Corporation, which is best forgotten. With the *Lusitania* a life of sensitive appreciation of whatsoever things are lovely, and of help and inspiration unto others, was all untimely brought to an end. *Requiescat!* S. L.

THE Talbot Press is issuing a notable series of books, printed on what is nearer thin pasteboard than thick paper, but it should be durable, and it ensures brevity. Kevin O'Shiel's *Making of a Republic* is an American study from a Sinn Fein window. He draws a striking (he thinks a "staggering") parallel between Lord North's oppression of America and Lloyd George's treatment of Ireland. There can be no historical doubt that coercion proved the worst possible way of "holding America for the Empire," but the parallel is not perfect. In the first place, America is in another hemisphere, and in the second place the American Sinn Feiners were Puritans, not Catholics. It is true that the Irish proved the deciding force on the side of the rebels, but the Revolution in New York at least began under no-popery auspices, out of disgust with the Quebec Act and in fear of the imposition of prelacy on New England. This accounts for the bitter taunts of the Tories at the French Alliance, as Mr. O'Shiel says: "Tory journals announced that great cargoes of cardinals, bishops, priests, crucifixes, statues, rosaries, and gallons of holy water were on their way from France to convert the Puritans. Dr. Franklin

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had been decorated with the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, etc.”

There are some interesting notes in the course of a well proven account of Ireland's share in the American Revolution. “In Belfast the people sent money to aid the colonists. Waterford city sent a petition of protest to the House of Commons.” And it is pleasant to record in contrast “to the unbridled licence” of the French “the humanity and tenderness shown by the officers and private men of Dillon's Irish Regiment to the inhabitants.”

S. L.

DR. JOWETT was once placed in an awkward position through his ignorance of Hebrew. He had to confess to an Oriental that, though a Christian priest, he could not read his Sacred Books in the sacred tongue! Catholics without Hebrew are often at a loss how to interpret some of the cryptic renderings which the Latin Psalter gives for the Hebrew. No knowledge of Hebrew is needed to follow Father Boylan's fascinating *Study of the Vulgate Psalter* (Gill) which he claims to make appear “reasonably intelligible,” and he can certainly claim that “no genuine problem has been shirked.” The Latin Psalter is the song book of the Latin Church. The student and the cleric seek it by duty or desire, but it must be admitted that they meet passages as obscure to the translator as they are maddening to the Latinist. One of the perplexities of a convert accustomed to an English Psalter based on the Hebrew is to be confronted by a version which is little more than a Latin crib of the Greek version of the Hebrew, and partakes of some of those extraordinary constructions with which schoolboys become familiar through using Keys to the Classics. Jerome may be said to have provided three Keys to the Hebrew Psalter. The first, the Roman Psalter, is still used in St. Peter's and the Ambrosian liturgy. Except for the Antiphons it was replaced in the Breviary by his second Key, the Gallican Psalter, but the conservatism of the Church never allowed his third version, actually

Study of the Vulgate Psalter

based on the Hebrew, to take the place of the familiar words.

Father Boylan moves easily between the Greek and Hebrew texts, carrying the student with him over the most puzzling riddles. There is the famous catch in Ps. lxxxvii—"Numquid mortuis facies mirabilia aut *medici* suscitabant et confitebuntur tibi?"

Why dead doctors should decline to rise and confess the Lord remained a mystery until it was pointed out that the Hebrew for physicians and the shades is almost the same, thus causing the mistake. A similar confusion between the Hebrew for thorns and kettles results in the Vulgate version of Ps. lvii. 10, "Before your thorns have seen themselves grown to a thorn bush," from the Hebrew "Ere your kettles can feel the thornbush," which Father Boylan thinks is "largely a guess," a guess which the Anglican version adopts, "or ever your pots be made hot with thorns." Father Boylan does not hesitate to point out that the verse, "non resurgent impii in iudicio" is "due to the Christian imagination of the translator." He even clears up the impossible "dilectus quemadmodum filius unicornium." *Dilectus* is an attempt or failure to reproduce a Hebrew place-name. Again, the Hebrew for villages and rich is similar, so we get "He sits in ambush with the rich" in the Vulgate instead of the Hebrew "in the villages." The Anglican version says, "in the thievish corners." Father Boylan shows how the Hebrew "in a lie they delight" became "in thirst I wander," in Ps. lxi. By following the Greek crib the translator may have taken *en pseudei* for *en dipsei*. Opponents of Prohibition alone would find a congruity in the two English versions. The text "aures autem perfecisti," which the Anglican gives as "Mine ears thou hast opened" Jerome in his third version gave as "aures fodisti mihi," which may contain the real meaning, a reference to nailing a slave's ears. These instances justify Father Boylan's referring to the "obscurity and difficulty" of the present Psalter, and we think we trace a little disappointment in his statement that the much-heralded

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revision of the Vulgate "does not apparently aim at replacing the text of any book of the Vulgate by a text that might be *per se* more reliable, but only at establishing the genuine text of St. Jerome's Vulgate." Now what is certain is that Jerome's first and second versions of the Psalms were less excellent than his third which never became official. Will the Biblical Commission change the Psalter towards accuracy in spite of "the wonderful strength and beauty in the Vulgate rendering"? Father Boylan's book inspires many such questions. It is a reverent and even conservative attempt to face the serious difficulty of the Latin Psalter, which seldom lends itself to quotation in ordinary life as the Anglican Psalter, though *synagoga populorum*, strikes us as a scriptural version for a League of Nations. Our only criticism of Father Boylan is that he has a very careless proof-reader. We note *Domini* for Domine, *deprecatione* for the acc., and such words as *inspiens*, *pacs*, *humlitas*, *eorumt*, *apprehendat*, *nibi*, *emin*, *contrubatur*, *populoru*, are inelegant Latinisms, to say the least. S. L.

THE *Catholic Who's Who* for 1921 reflects annual credit on the editors (Burns, Oates and Washbourne). It makes accurate and often interesting reading. Where else is the general reader to learn the name of the first writer on the classical game of "Bridge," or the first stationmaster to become a J.P., or the only Indian Mutiny veteran on active service in the Great War, or the Bishop who attended Ned Kelly the bushranger, or "the Plutarch of the English faithful," or the only Popish recusant still alive, or the first native Australian Bishop, or the first American Monsignor?

A careful reading leaves us with few comments, considering the thousands of names and the tens of thousands of facts with which it deals. The Donegal Duffy, V.C., is mentioned, but there is another in Co. Monaghan. Captain Redmond sits for Waterford, not for East Tyrone. Archbishop Gillow's presence at the Vatican Council is mentioned, but not Cardinal Gib-

Adam of Dublin

bons'. The priest is mentioned who may become Earl of Macclesfield. It might be pointed out that another may become Earl of Belmore. Lord Alfred Douglas' epic is surely the *Rossiad*, not the "*Romiad*," and we suspect J. E. Harting wrote *Recreations of a Naturalist*, not "*Nationalist*." But the production remains the most useful and finished of Catholic annuals. O.

ART, we must never fail to urge, "ought" to be purposive. We do not mean it must set out to be instructive (though it will doubtless be so); but an artist must work to discern, capture, and transmit the principle of life in that which his work of art portrays. Else it is a failure. There must be in it a *splendor formae*, a shining forth of a vital principle. And for that, as Aquinas also says, there must be a certain completeness, and also proportion of parts. It must not *so* omit that you cannot guess what the whole is (as you can, in the Venus of Milo: she remains a work of art even now that she is armless); nor so emphasize "this," that "that" escapes your notice (as in caricatures where the draughtsman attaches a big head to a tiny body. The head may be a work of art, but the figure is not). Short of this, diagrams may be produced which allow no vitality to radiate: diagrams even of "parts" may be made in isolation: then you may have truthful documents, of value to the man of science or the historian, but not works of art. The artist must not paint Cromwell without his warts: nor assuredly warts without Cromwell, even if Cromwell's face be as it were attached to them. You have got to *see Cromwell*.

In *Adam of Dublin* (Collins) has Mr. Conal O'Riordan produced a work of art? A document? We think we can answer, "Both." This beginning of Adam McFadden's story shows him as forced to sell out-of-date newspapers in Dublin streets, for the sake of his dreadful father. His soul remains unseared, though uninstructed. In such a life a boy is forced into many an encounter: perhaps we ought not to quarrel with the author for

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thronging his canvas : only towards the end personages jostle one another, and one feels he has a number of types in his head any of which he is reluctant to omit. Father Innocent Feeley retrieves the lad, gives him some education, and finally manages his admission to Belvedere, which he leaves after a deplorable episode. The years carry him up to the dawn of adolescence, and then this part of the story stops, horror, love, religion, cruelty, culture, having caused their influences to converge upon him, moulding thus a personality destined to reveal itself, no doubt, in a sequel.

Hence neither must we quarrel if, since Adam displays himself as *unslain*, still spontaneous, alive in soul, we cannot fully see the principle of this vitality, nor, consequently, understand what he *is*. Enough, I think, that through the filth and the mire, green, green, lustrous, stainless points of life keep piercing. In McFadden, and even in his wife's detestable paramour, intelligence can be seen, though hideously corrupt : the father is killed off, appropriately though melodramatically, in the course of the story. Father Innocent—his name is a lapse into the sentimental symbolism of Dickens which astonishes : the author denies himself that softness when he recounts this priest's grotesque death—Father Innocent, then, displays love without much intelligence ; the Jesuits intelligence (perhaps), without affection ; a foreign agnostic, who helps the boy, a little of both ; the Dublin *salon* none of either. (Those *salons* must exist, for we find them in so many Irish novels. Else we could hardly believe in these conversations of people very well informed in patches, with great intermediate tracts of ignorance, and bent on spoiling the intelligences they *could* have into worse than cleverness.) Not in any of these, then, is a full vital principle. In fact, that isn't life ! It's a muddle, through which the lad thrusts himself, as I said, *unslain*. Mr. O'Riordan, then, is well on the way *towards* a work of art.

And to a truthful document ? If you keep your mind rigidly on this : all the influences which bore on

Adam of Dublin

this boy's personality are codified ; all else is eliminated : then you may have his truthful *dossier*. (So, in Mr. Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* : if you rigorously retained the fact that you were contemplating *exactly that*, and a portrait of nothing else whatsoever, ~~save~~ in the shape it took *in him*, you could submit, and say, This is truthful.) But the ordinary reader will not know that he is to do that ; most readers could not do it ; few will like to, for the effort is great, and robs parts of the book of their excitement. You cannot say : Father Innocent is typical of the unsophisticated parish clergy ; nor, Jesuit educators are sinister Father Tudors or his cowed underlings. No one reading Dostoievsky's *Idiot* will suppose that that exquisite character is typical. But much in *Adam of Dublin* that is isolated, of which all that is said is : This is an influence which acted on this boy : will be spaced out and applied as widely true, which it is not. I can but affirm that I am not speaking just *pro domo* when I say that Father Tudor not only is not but could not be typical of Jesuit educators ; but he will easily be taken to be so, especially by those who would like him to be. For the general reader, then, who will not almost chemically isolate Adam, but is on the look out for a complete compound, a mass of life, the book fails as work of art and as document, for essential parts are omitted, others are quite out of proportion, and here and there that only is given by which the thing dies, not that by which it lives. *Omit neither*, if you will ; but if you *select*, select the latter. That is scientific and artistic ! And life is beauty ! There is so much of it ! We implore the brilliant generation of young Irish writers to admit no spiritual inhibition which should exclude from their field of consciousness and from their work that transcendent loveliness, done homage to by all of us who have knelt to kiss their consecrated soil.

C. C. M.

From another point of view *Adam of Dublin* is a *roman-à-clef* profoundly interesting to the reader. It is

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a remarkable book and one for which Mr. O'Riordan's previous work had not prepared us. This life story of a Dublin gamin, painted to the very life, takes one's interest to an absorbing degree. I have hardly ever read a book in which the ugly atmosphere which surrounds the hero for a great portion of the narrative is so triumphed over and defeated by the beauty of truth and tenderness. It is the more remarkable that Mr. O'Riordan can be violently ugly at times. He spares us nothing of the sordidness and evilness explicit and implicit in which Adam grew up. He has an impish delight in making Aunt Sallys of our conventions and even our lawful sensibilities. He offends by his easy handling of sacred names and subjects, but when all that is said one carries away from the book an extremely tender and living impression of Adam himself, and in Father Innocent a portrait of a priest which must stand with the masterpieces. Father Innocent is so heavenly that he sheds a lambent light over the book in which one forgets the darkness and cruelty of the life in Court Lane, and the unsparing delineation of Father Tudor who must have been real to be so hated. Adam himself is admirably well done and many of the subsidiary characters, notably Mr. O'Meagher and the mysterious Macarthy, are tantalizingly interesting glimpses of people who must have lived, to be so real even in a glimpse of them. Perhaps Mr. O'Riordan set out to ban. I began the book expecting something violently ugly and depressing. The book remains to bless, with the hand perhaps of Father Innocent. Some few happy writers have the art of making their creatures live. Father Innocent lives after Mr. O'Riordan has killed him somewhat grotesquely. Mr. O'Riordan has groped in Dublin mud and found a pearl.

K. T.

DR. GEORGE O'BRIEN'S *Essay on Mediaeval Economic Teaching* is a serious *via media* for the present time (Longmans), which without Catholic Ethics tends to make property sacrosanct or to declare it robbery. While it was true that "gain for its own sake was classed as a

Mediaeval Economic Teaching

kind of robbery " by the Church, the Fathers were not socialists, though they advocated conditions which would make modern socialism anachronism if not anathema. Socialism requires not undermining but replacing by Catholic Ethics. The Church cannot bless a society which has reversed the complaint of Tertullian that " all things are common among us except our wives." It is noteworthy that in different ways both the society which ennoble the profiteer and the crude communism which makes Capitalism a capital crime have lowered the Catholic sanctity of women. While " communism was no part of the scholastic teaching," the mediaevals did not approve of " unregulated individualism." The mediaeval word for Capitalism in excess was *avaritia*; as Father Rickaby lucidly explained, " There were no capitalists in the Thirteenth Century, only hoarders." St. Thomas taught that alms to the needy was a duty not of charity but of justice, and Dr. O'Brien puts it well that " the failure of the rich to put into practice the moderate communism of St. Thomas was the cause of the rise of the heretical communists who attacked the very foundations of property itself." To-day this means that the failure of the modern State to adopt Christian Ethics which are " founded upon reason rather than revelation " has opened the way to extremists who question the State itself. Catholicism offered a social *via media*. " Man did not exist for the sake of production, but production for the sake of man." Mediaevalism did not entirely succeed in its aims of " extended production, wise consumption and just distribution." Dr. O'Brien concludes by a pious request not to mistake the Christian and Socialist systems, which he compares to Barabbas and Christ. But neither system is in actual practice. On the one hand the struggles of the social movement resemble a " suppressed Catholicism," while Capitalism can become the elephantiasis of *avaritia*.

The appeal for just distribution recalls an equally important and lucid textbook in John Ryan's *Distributive Justice* (Macmillans). Dispassionate criticism of modern

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and mediaeval arguments have led Dr. Ryan to "fairly reasonable arguments" and to remedies which he claims as "fairly efficacious." Ten years ago Dr. Ryan was alone in advocating the legal minimum wage which is now generally accepted. Father Edwin O'Hara has upheld it before the Supreme Court of America, and Father John O'Grady has canvassed American economists on its behalf. Dr. Ryan thinks private ownership must stand, though it does not secure perfect justice. He favours a supertax rather than a single tax. He believes that "distributing superfluous goods is in serious cases binding under pain of grievous sin." Neither American Socialists nor Catholic Capitalists are sufficiently aware of the mediaeval *via media*. The result has been class war between the Millions and the Millionaires.

Both these books are in the forefront of the Catholic social teaching, and lead one back to the Guilds, wherein men laboured and yet were free. The Church sanctified manual labour and finally codified it in the Benedictine Rule. The Benedictine spade seems as necessary to revive as the Dominican "sword." The profiteer may heed when men preach what Drs. Ryan and O'Brien write, and the English speaking labourer will respect both himself and the Church when he sees the Benedictines plough the shires and dig the prairies. For lack of the practice and symbolism of the Mediaevals, Capital and Labour blindly call for each other's blood, when both should invoke the Holy Blood. There is no trade-union that could not be Catholicized. The mediaevals would have known how to set the Holy Shroud in the emblems of the linen workers and the Holy Nails on the banner of the riveters. Until they adopt the Christian ethic the rival forces seem doomed to strangle each other to death.

S. L.

FATHER E. FORAN has produced a book which is admirably suited to its avowed purpose—namely, to popularize devotion to *St. Nicolas of Tolentino*. As a literary effort it is somewhat difficult to criticize. The

St. Nicolas of Tolentino

author has collected his facts with evident care, and has narrated them simply and clearly in the well-known style of hagiographers. He gives us an interesting study of a beautiful character. The opening chapters remind us a little too much of every other record of every other saint's childhood. There is the same inclination to floweriness in description ; but Father Foran is saved from greatly erring in this respect by his determination to be brief. Later on the story tells itself, to say which is to pay high tribute to the writer.

St. Nicolas was a Thirteenth Century Augustinian friar, whose life was spent in the smaller towns of his native Italy. His sanctity seems to have been apparent from childhood, and as a boy he entered the Order of his choice. He loved the poor, and had a burning zeal for the salvation of souls. When he was sent to Tolentino, he found the city demoralized by social and religious unrest, torn by faction, alienated from the Church. For thirty years he laboured amongst the people, preaching in the open, ministering incessantly to rich and poor. At the beginning of his mission he was mocked and insulted ; when he was dying, the townsfolk broke all bounds of decorum, and thronged the very corridors of the monastery to be near their saint. His inner life was one of continuous prayer and penance, the fruits of which were seen in the miracles which blessed his work. He healed the sick by the sign of the Cross ; he raised the dead ; he wrought wonders in the conversion of sinners ; he read the souls of men.

Such a saint as this has much in common with others of his splendid kind among the servants of God. The difficulty which confronts the writer of a short biography is to keep his hero a person, and to prevent him from becoming a type. In this we think Father Foran has not entirely succeeded, perhaps because material for personal touches is lacking in the original records, perhaps because he finds himself hampered by lack of space. We do not mean that it would be desirable to introduce more anecdotes ; on the contrary, the book abounds with

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them throughout. But we do think that, when possible, such anecdotes should be chosen as tend to show the saint in an individual light, to put him apart from his fellows—in other words, to make him live. This criticism may seem to contradict our earlier remark that Father Foran has achieved an interesting study of character. He has done so in that he has told us truly and lovingly about a singularly holy man. Such a record cannot fail to be interesting, and to stimulate souls. For our own part we should have liked to be shown our saint so clearly that we could never again confuse him with anyone else. We do not feel that we have attained to this personal knowledge. We know St. Nicolas, but not quite as we know our intimates. Nevertheless, he will never again to us be merely a name.

R. S.

A FOREWORD states that the six lectures which compose *The Political Aspects of St. Augustine's "City of God"* (Longmans) were delivered by Neville Figgis at Oxford in 1918, and were the last piece of work that his failing health enabled him to complete. The book is now published, after his death, by his brethren of the Mirfield Community. The author's aim is as follows: firstly, to penetrate the mind of St. Augustine, to discover what he himself meant by the *City of God*, what was his philosophy of history, what his conception of the relations between Church and State; secondly, to follow *De Civitate Dei* in its course through the centuries, noting its effect on the Middle Ages, the various interpretations put upon its teaching, and its amazing influence, right down to the present day, upon the minds of men.

In the first lecture the general scope of the work is studied, and it is described as being St. Augustine's effort to counteract the panic and demoralization caused by the fall of Rome. The Empire had accepted Christianity; shortly afterwards, the Empire began to break up; therefore, Christianity had ruined Rome. St. Augustine's reply to this charge is the *City of God*. It is a defence

“City of God”

of the Church against paganism, a defence of the spiritual, as against the material, view of life. What is the City of God? Not, according to J. N. Figgis, merely the objective Church Militant, but the society of those who place their treasure in Heaven. The *civitas terrena*, set over against it, is the world which knows not God. Always, since the sin of Adam, have the two cities existed. The Catholic Church is the *Civitas Dei* “made visible and effective,” and yet it “represents it rather by symbol than by identification.” In the second lecture, the State is analysed; in the third, the Church. Civil society is not necessarily the *civitas terrena*, unless it organizes itself deliberately apart from God; but the only true Commonwealth is that in which Christ is King. This presupposes, since for St. Augustine the visible Church is the *regnum Dei*, the impress of ecclesiastical authority upon civil affairs.

The author of these lectures, however, is chary of committing himself to any very definite personal view of St. Augustine's meaning, when it comes to the discussion of the relations between Church and State. He quotes many writers, and gives us their opposing theories. He himself finds St. Augustine too great to be consistent. He is afraid of “clericalism” and yet agrees that many passages may easily bear a clericalist interpretation. A theocratic state there must be—that is plain; but is the supreme power to be held by the hierarchy, or do secular rulers have their commission independently from God? Did Augustine, in fact, believe in the Church political? We do not think that J. N. Figgis solved the problem for himself. His lecture on the Church seems to us somewhat too full of quotations, of information slightly confused and undigested. When we come to the study of *The City of God* in its effect upon the Middle Ages, our author shows us how then at last was realized, at least in ideal, St. Augustine's great conception of the Christian State.

“The Holy Roman Empire, as it developed, declared by its first title its claim to be the *Civitas Dei* on earth—i.e., a true Catholic Commonwealth with two swords in

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all governing departments, the secular and spiritual" (p. 84).

By profuse quotation we are shown that when the struggle came between the Papal and Imperial powers, both Guelphs and Ghibellines urged that St. Augustine was on their side. Quite evidently the writer has an immense admiration for the Middle Ages, tempered by a fear of dwelling too much on the achievements of the Papacy. It is difficult to be ecclesiastical, and yet not Papal, in spirit, to believe in the Church of St. Augustine without believing in St. Augustine's Church. The last lecture is little else than a series of references to post-Renaissance writers who have been influenced by the *City of God*. There is, however, some interesting thought on the condition of modern, national states, in relation to the Augustinian ideal, and on the effect of the *De Civitate* on international law. Throughout the book, we come across certain passages that are strange, from a Catholic standpoint—such as that in lecture six, which praises the Reformation for doing something to restore the Church-State principle that had been lost since the Renaissance. These things remind us that we are not reading a Catholic author, a fact which, for pages together, we might easily forget.

R. S.

MR. OSBERT BURDETT is not unknown to readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW, and in his *Idea of Coventry Patmore* (Oxford Univ. Press) he has followed up the article which appeared in these pages in October, 1919. He finds his "sufficing scope" in Patmore's intellect, and has left to others the task of appreciating Patmore's lyric quality, his intuition of tragedy, his delight in visible Nature, his art, his idiosyncrasy, his interior life, which Mr. Burdett touches only incidentally.

Rightly and repeatedly he insists upon Patmore's concern with reality. He defends the "realism," the details, of *The Angel in the House* with a quotation from Meredith: "Life, some think, is worthy of the Muse." (I myself thought that Patmore's title might be trans-

Idea of Coventry Patmore

literated: "The Muse in the Deanery.") Here and elsewhere Mr. Burdett shows that he is aware that "life" is the key-word to Patmore's thought, that his "data" are those of "experience" (to use the words of one of Mr. Burdett's chapter headings). It is, therefore, with a confessedly unreasonable disappointment that one reader, at least, finds him saying: "Patmore is one of the few poets who have tried to build a philosophy of life out of the experiences of *love*." This is true, but impolitic. Instead of "love" he should have repeated the word "life." This was Patmore's subject, and love its illustration, illumination, interpretation. Patmore asked to be the Laureate of Wedded Love, but the world has granted him the title only to belittle him. Life for him, indeed, meant chiefly love and religion, because his acceptance of Christianity, in his adolescence, and his betrothal, in his early manhood, had been to him his great initiations, but the subject of his poetry was never less than the soul which experiences these. It was his doctrine that the Universe was created for the sake of each separate soul, to whom it was a love-offering from the soul's Wooer, "Whose thoughts but live and move round Man." Therefore, it is that his own poetry is full of the visible world. *The Angel in the House* rings with the songs of birds, is lighted with the moon and stars, is swept with light and air; and a fellow-reviewer who professes to have been convinced by Mr. Burdett that Patmore was a philosopher, but not to have been convinced that he was a poet, must read both Patmore and Mr. Burdett again.

Patmore had a fondness for those writings "where more is meant than meets the ear"; the peculiar difficulty of his own writing is that all that meets the ear is meant: the emphasis is equally distributed, and it is only our imperfect apprehension that persuades us that his own stress was laid on this point or on that, and only reiterated re-readings can attain all his meaning. Mr. Burdett has seen this and said it; while yet his own book is a work of such patient exposition, that it is only at a

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third re-reading that a not-careless reader has perceived Mr. Burdett to make concessions in one place which the reader's own impatient criticism had desired at another. Almost too much has been said of Patmore's preoccupation with sex—not that this can easily be exaggerated, but because it can easily be unbalanced in its presentation. Mr. Burdett, however, although he devotes three chapters to a running commentary on *The Angel in the House*, says that “such a story would not have inspired Patmore's muse unless he held it to be but the nearest illustration of a dual principle which lay at the root of all being.” This dual principle can be seen in art, in morals, in politics; in the soul, and in society; and it is to these extensions of the principle that Mr. Burdett devotes the later part of his book. The dual principle is the necessary co-existence and reconciliation of two opposites, impulse and restraint, feeling and law, life and form. Patmore chose to call the sterner element masculine and the softer element feminine; but this was by a metaphor; he knew that they must co-exist in every soul, man's and woman's. Perhaps his metaphor did sometimes confuse himself: certainly his pronouncements on the necessary subjection of the feminine element sometimes lacked suavity. His metaphorical use of these adjectives needs to be borne in mind when Mr. Burdett (following Mr. Champneys) tells us that Patmore conceived even of politics in the terms of sex. It is true that he did so, and wrote an article “On the Treatment of Ladylike Races”; but here he had thrown the reins on the neck of his metaphor. His distrust of democracy is better expressed in the words he himself quoted from Maine de Biran: “The sovereignty of the people corresponds, in politics, to the supremacy of the sensations and passions in philosophy and morality.”

There is a character of inexhaustibleness in Patmore's writings which can be partly explained. He speaks of his “well-read” books, and the epithet is just. He early learnt from Coleridge the art of reflection, and many of his words have the experience of the philosophers, the

Fringe of the Eternal

theologians, and the mystics behind them, redoubled with his own experience, the experiment with which he had tried their words. His own reflection also was ceaseless. His words, therefore, are deep as life, and life only can reveal them. No one can hope to overtake unaided all that he says. Bacon should have added to his essay that some books can only be read co-operatively: the Ethiopian eunuch's difficulties with Isaiah would have furnished him with his instance, and Patmore's writings can serve for ours. The reader will be well-advised to take up Mr. Osbert Burdett into his chariot. F. P.

FATHER FRANCIS GONNE'S work is a soothing contrast to that of Daniel Corkery. It deals with the *Fringe of the Eternal* (Burns, Oates & Washbourne), and the ephemeral sound of the political is drowned in the sheer supernatural. The book is an achievement of spirituality as well as of craftsmanship. It combines the Celtic material of Father Sheehan with the early and more exquisite hand of Father Benson. The intensity of the supernatural has to be read to be believed. The fisherboy whom the priest tries to dissuade from the sea for his widowed mother's sake, by showing him the faces of the drowned, only replies, "There be a power of prayers said for drowned men; they come off best of all the dead. An' if they don't be drowned, fishermen have a fine time." "God's Revenge" is a case for psycho-analysis. The Catholic child of early practice and devotion comes to the surface of a sleeping girl and fetches the Last Sacraments for a father as neglectful as herself of religion. Local gossip in the delightful Irish district Father Gonne describes is not gossip as we know it. "Opinion seemed to be pretty well divided as to whether the presence was that of Michael's dead wife or that of the Mother of the Holy Infant herself." This is the atmosphere of Holy Ireland herself. S. L.

LADY GLENCONNER has collected some remarkable examples of book tests in her volume, *The Earthen Vessel* (John Lane). The messages purporting

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to emanate from her son, who was killed in the war and is already widely known from her *Memoir* as "Bim," cannot easily be explained away by mere coincidence. Bim, through Mrs. Leonard, the medium, and her control, Feda, sends directions to his mother to take, let us say, the third book in a particular bookshelf, which he describes, and tells her that if she will open it on p. 94 she will find something that he wants to say to her. Although it cannot be maintained that the carrying out of these directions has led in every case to the disclosure of some very personal and striking point of contact, still supposing the facts to be fairly stated, the probability against such measure of success in books indicated at random would be uncommonly high. It is irritating that Lady Glenconner supplies no data which would enable us to estimate what proportion of the tests were *strikingly* successful. Presumably she has selected the best, but many of those she has included are by no means remarkable. On the other hand, she has also left out a number, and two admittedly were failures. It is, furthermore, irritating that the formalities, giving names of sitters and evidence of finding, are unfortunately often omitted in just those cases which of themselves would be most convincing if properly attested. For instance, in the very striking "beetle" message (No. xii), supposing that Lady Glenconner knew, at least subconsciously, that in a particular position in her house there was a book which, on p. 37, commented on the mischief worked by beetles in the growth of trees, there would be no great cause for surprise if Mrs. Leonard in her presence indicated this passage as a suitable test for Bim to send to his father. This would only be a very simple case of the telepathic rapport so frequently observed between sitter and medium. Yet Lady Glenconner does not even take the trouble to tell us whether she consciously knew the book and its position, or whether she was herself present at the séance. One does not wish to accuse her of not playing fair, but in presenting her evidence she seems positively to go out of her way to awaken the suspicions of the

Inspiration

sceptic. Why is Test xii (communicated December 17th, 1917) separated by four tests of six months' later date from Tests vi and vii, which were also given on December 17th, 1917? Nos. vi, vii and xii must have been all obtained at the same sitting, and they refer to the same shelf of books. Why are we told that Tests vi and vii were verified by Lady Glenconner herself, apparently without witnesses, immediately on her return home, while the verification of Test xii, the "beetle" test, is certified to by her husband and David Tennant, and inserted in quite a different place? The effect of this transposition—we do not suggest that the effect is intentional—is to disguise the fact that Lady Glenconner was present at the séance at which the beetle message was given. Now what more likely than that in an idle moment Lady Glenconner should at some time have taken up this book called *Trees* and have mentally noted how the "beetle" passage confirmed a certain dominant idea of her husband's? Such an incident may well live in the subliminal mind though it has quite faded from the consciousness. We are not, therefore, satisfied that this evidence of book tests is quite so conclusive as it seems. Moreover, the author is clearly capable of dogmatizing on occasion about things of which she has little understanding. Witness her statement that dissection was made illegal because the Church believed it to be "inimical to the Resurrection Morning." Does Lady Glenconner realize that the bodies of the saints, with the full approval of ecclesiastical authority, have for centuries been ruthlessly dismembered and often broken up into tiny fragments? Is this procedure also irreconcilable with a belief in the resurrection?

H. T.

WE confess to having found difficulty in reviewing Mr. Herbert Williams' book on *Inspiration* (Sands & Co.). The main thesis is discernible: the author believes in what he calls Verbal Inspiration; but what he should have spoken of as Verbal Dictation. But the plan of the work, the development of the thesis, and the sense

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of several paragraphs are lost in obscurity. At p. 83 we were relieved to come upon what promised to be the author's definition of Inspiration. We read as follows, and were still more perplexed :

What inspiration is, what writing by Divine Inspiration, that is what we have to understand, if possible for us and so far as possible, one thing and not several things, some one description of circumstance with which the inspired writings may appear in accord, in their several portions and in their several entities." (!)

In the Preface complaint is made that theological science not expressed in scholastic terminology is disallowed. No wonder, if the above style is to supersede the technical.

The treatment of the subject is hardly more satisfactory. The reader is led to believe that inspiration is the same as "abnormal writing," which is, according to the author, the method of writing among the mystics : but on p. 162 there comes as a surprise : "Writing by inspiration is not in these pages identified with abnormal writing" ; and, finally, we are told that "we are ignorant of what writing by inspiration would be for the writer." Mr. Williams had a difficulty. He felt that the song of the angels at the Nativity, the exact words of the Magnificat and Benedictus, of the temptation of Our Lord, of the discourse with the woman of Samaria, of the prayer at the Last Supper, etc., could not have been memorized, on each occasion, and the *ipsissima verba* once lost could only be reproduced by revelation granted to—or rather writing through—the sacred writers. He fails to see that this revelation is not inspiration. All Scripture is inspired divinely, but much of it is not revelation—at least as far as the sacred writers are concerned. Verbal inspiration, then, in the sense that the human author is an instrument using the intelligence he possesses, but using it totally subject to God, the primary Author of Scripture, sufficiently safeguards the Catholic doctrine that all Scripture is inspired, and, at the same time explains how the human authors wrote what they had "seen and heard and looked upon," and sometimes "with much watching and sweat" (2 Mac. ii. 27).

T. E. B.

Farewell to Garrymore

TO take up *Farewell to Garrymore* (The Talbot Press), which is surely one of the little masterpieces, is to turn from a violent and vulgarized world into a little garden-close full of quietness and innocence, of the songs of the birds and the music of falling waters. *Farewell to Garrymore* is amazingly artless, and rightly so, for it belongs to a world of gentle and tender realities. Conceivably M. A. Rathkyle might never have read a book before she felt impelled to tell this lovely story. It has every fault it possibly could have of technique. She plunges into her scenes and characters, taking it for granted you know all about them, and you are obliged to do a sifting for yourself before you get the heart of the thing. Then you listen to the quiet voice telling its simple story—such a simple story. The time is a green spot in the troubled history of Ireland, the few years of fine weather and good prices that came between Fenianism and the Land League. The people are the household, Catholic in part, of a “strong” Protestant farmer. There is just a hint of a land-agent and a glimmer of trouble, but the great sun lies over it all, and there is the *susurrus* of boughs and the ripple of brown meadow grasses and all peaceful and sweet things. The two principal figures are Judy Lanigan, the general servant of the strong farmer’s household, and Bess Creagh, his little daughter. Round about these move all the other *dramatis personæ*. Such a peaceful and lovely and loving life is here depicted, that one hopes the discerning spirit which goes on behind contemporary opinion, sifting and winnowing against the foolish judgments of the day, may discuss it, and say: “Here is a classic of Ireland in the 1860-70’s: let us keep it.” The speech—a richer thing than the Anglo-Irish speech of to-day, the life, the way of looking at things, are rendered so perfectly that it is a real reconstruction for those who were happy enough to be young in those days. M. A. Rathkyle must take her place with Kickham, with Carleton (in his gentler moods), as a loving and faithful delineator of days that, alas, are gone for ever.

K. T.

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THE world has only two ways of taking a prophet, whether you use the word in its lowest and loosest sense of a man with sufficient mother-wit to forecast the future, or in its highest and strictest sense of a seer inspired by God. When the King of Prophets was born at Bethlehem, there were present an ox and an ass: "a horned beast (says St. Augustine) for the Jews, among whom the horns of the cross were being got ready for Christ; a long-eared beast for the Gentiles, of whom it was foretold 'a people which I have not known hath served me, at the hearing of the ear they have obeyed me.'" In *Ruskin the Prophet and other Centenary Studies*, by John Masefield, Dean Inge, Charles F. G. Masterman and others (George Allen), the traditional homage of horns and ears is paid by certain people of importance in our own day to the greatest of the Victorian soothsayers.

Ruskin was the greatest of the Victorian soothsayers (greater than his so-called master Carlyle, for instance) because he combined the best natural gifts with the clearest notion of their divine end. Why he never saw his way to becoming a Catholic it is difficult to determine. Mr. Chesterton once said that Ruskin liked everything about the cathedral except the altar. It would be more to the point to say that he liked everything about the altar except the priest. "I no more believed in the living Pope than I believed in the living Khan of Tartary," he said in *Praeterita*; and this on the top of buying a missal and discovering that "all beautiful prayers were Catholic, all wise interpretations of the Bible Catholic," and in answer to the not unapt *tu quoque*, "But why did you not become a Catholic at once, then?" This failure to see any connection between Popes and missals, to grasp the essential unity of outwardly discrepant embodiments of the Faith, is the common catastrophe of modern sophistication. Only divine grace can avert it. Short of this the wretched thinker has no escape from the mill-round of his own mind: for if it takes the Church to explain Our Blessed Lord, it certainly takes

Ruskin the Prophet

Our Blessed Lord to explain the Church. Some such impasse as this seems to have left Ruskin, for all his hatred of disorder and anarchy, outside the visible City of God.

To understand Ruskin at all, it is necessary to share that passion for order which was the central fire of his brave and beneficent life. Order, he saw, meant obedience to the best: and to bow mankind to the triple yoke of conscience, good government and the Law of God (as he saw it), to show that the devastating bondage of sin was the only alternative, these were Ruskin's mainly unregarded task and message. In so far as they share this passion for order, his present critics have succeeded in doing justice to themselves and Ruskin.

Dean Inge's lecture on "Ruskin and Plato" is far and away the most valuable contribution to the book. It is perhaps the most felicitous appreciation of Ruskin ever delivered, and certainly its Platonic ground-work would have delighted the Victorian idealist who "read a little bit of Plato very carefully every day" and was "never well without that." "The famous doctrine of Ideas (says Dean Inge) would now be called a philosophy of absolute and eternal Values; this was certainly part of Ruskin's faith. His objection to natural science was that it emptied the world of values—or so it seemed to him—and the misunderstanding was not entirely inexcusable. The eternal Values are for the Platonist not only ideals, but operative laws and creative powers; and the objects and actions which are formed or done 'according to the pattern showed us in the Mount' are the most real and significant things in the world of experience. Ruskin quarrelled with the orthodox political economy for substituting exchangeable commodities for vital values." He quarrelled too, as an obvious corollary, with that "ugliness in the works of man which is a symptom of disease in the state"; and with its immediate cause the Industrial Revolution. "As the disappearance of beauty in the works of men has coincided with the invention of machinery and the development of industries on a large scale, there is a presumption," says Dean Inge, "that the two

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events are closely connected." "It is well-known," he adds further on, "that many workmen hate being turned into machines and forbidden to use their imagination and intelligence. They would prefer more variety and lower wages; though in this country they cannot be said to have faced the fact that this is the alternative."

Dean Inge is supported on the economic side by Mr. J. A. Hobson, who stresses Ruskin's distrust of social reforms concentrated on the conditions of pay and the distribution of wealth. Ruskin "rightly reckoned," he says, "that capitalism would be able to maintain its worst tyranny, that of sub-dividing and de-humanizing toil, by concessions as liberal as they had to be, upon the wages question. . . . It would leave degraded human beings with more money to apply to the satisfaction of degraded tastes."

On the æsthetic side Mr. Laurence Binyon displays an admirable sympathy with the Ruskin who "never thinks without feeling, nor feels without imagination." In fact, Mr. Binyon's *Times* article, with Mr. Hobson's essay and Dean Inge's lecture, are sufficient in themselves to recommend *Ruskin the Prophet* apart from its six hitherto unpublished letters from Ruskin to his Highland friend Macdonald. Allowing for a few touches of Ruskinian petulance, the amazing justness of thought and diction displayed in these chance utterances is what will strike most strangely on the ear of this irresponsible age. For an irresponsible age it is: and if immediate proof were needed here is Professor Dale whose lecture on "Ruskin and Shakespeare," while including half a dozen crude or inapposite dicta of the Herne Hill period, omits the final verdict of *Praeterita* on the Shakespeare read "for the first time seriously" in the little inn half-way up Monte Rosa: "The writer himself is not only unknowable but inconceivable; and his wisdom so useless, that at this time of being and speaking, among active and purposeful Englishmen, I know not one who shows a trace of ever having felt a passion of Shakespeare's, or learnt a lesson from him."

H. P. E.

God and the Supernatural

ON taking up *God and the Supernatural*, a Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith, edited by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. (Longmans), the thought flashed across the mind that a son of St. Francis had found a remedy for the ills from which we suffer. We remembered the crusade of the poor man of Assisi against the frivolities and worldliness of his age. But the people whom St. Francis strove so heroically to win believed through all their backslidings, ours do not. So the Franciscan of to-day appeals to a generation sick of arguments about the highest concerns of existence, yet still hungering for some real satisfaction. And with an instinct that has fixed upon the deepest and innermost of human needs, he sets before the world the "good tidings" in their salient and uncompromising pronouncements. An introductory section reveals a new St. Francis as a man most familiar with the modern spirit, whose picture of the present welter of ideas, conceits and counsels of despair almost makes one dizzy.

Five contributors have collaborated in the production of a work which, if we include the Introduction, is divided into ten sections, and there can be no room for doubt that these sections embrace those profound questions of the heart, by which, in the main, all others, however new and insistent, must be judged and governed. These questions are, *The Supernatural*: a plane of existence above the ordinary level of life and a transformation of nature; *God*—a Personality indubitably present to us, and, as it were, pressing upon us; *Our nature's true Destiny*; *The Divine Person in Jesus Christ*; *His Atonement*; *The Church as an embodiment of Christ with us*; *The Sacramental System*; and *What follows Death*. True, these subjects are old, but their grouping is new, and they *are* the fundamental issues just now.

Their renewed presentation in the form here adopted is precisely what has long been called for—clear and expanded statements, not proofs—statements that explain, satisfy, remove difficulties and inspire; or, as it is so well put by one writer, their object is "to present Catholic doctrine massively and as a coherent whole, and

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not, say, as historically guaranteed, nor yet as philosophically true or false, nor again in any so exhaustive a manner as to satisfy the reasonable requirements of an expert theologian" (p. 283). The writers one and all give us theology without its technicalities, a philosophy of common sense free from the vapourings of the pseudo-expert, and an alluring sympathy for weakness, imperfection and difficulty: as, for example, in the apology for the sinner at pp. 325-6. These qualities, as has been said, are shared by all, though not in the same measure or with equal attractiveness. And where such high achievement has been attained all round, it might seem invidious to praise individuals, and almost ungenerous to criticize. We remember the sections which lifted us to a new realization of sublime truths; we recall the transparent clearness of Father Martindale's manner, his boldness in imagery and phrase. "God, we are bound to say, *could* have created a world where there was no temptation, or where souls should have been so deluged with 'grace' that they would never have yielded to temptation . . . However . . . I say that men *want* an effort and a hazardous one, at that . . . The walls of God's City are high, and the moat is deep. Yet even so we demand the escalade, and would resent a crane . . . No: I must be free to fail" (p. 327). And again, referring to certain acts of spiritual sublimity during the war, he adds, "I have felt: 'This makes the whole war, sins, sufferings, and all, *worth while*'" (p. 328). We felt, too, that notwithstanding the singular merits of the chapters on the Church and on the Problem of Evil, they suffered from repetitions. The learning behind the work is great, but not paraded. The notes furnish comparatively few references, but, taken by themselves alone, they form a series of jottings peculiarly alive and arresting. From what has already been said it will be gathered that the book is not meant for the people at large, nor even, in the first instance at least, for the general reader, but for serious minds of education and culture.

We have not observed any tendency to elude a difficulty

The People of Destiny

or to make a point unduly. A few incidental phrases, however, seem to have escaped the vigilant eye of the censor, such as "the absolutely bad" (p. 133), "certain sufferings of plants" (p. 127), the reference to the survival of the animal soul (p. 143), a vagueness or apparent indecision with regard to the pre-human ancestor, "duties to dumb animals of justice and love" (p. 255), "The Church can err" (p. 265), "the Church almost continually losing during the last seven hundred years" (p. 273-4), "The soul sees God" before entering purgatory (p. 340). Students of sociology will find with satisfaction that in many places the essential connection between the spirit of the Church, and therefore the Supernatural, and the material and social needs of man, is drawn out at some length, while the conviction of the writers as to the significance and importance of their undertaking is expressed in a forcible passage: "I will go further, and say that without it (the free gift of a superhuman life, with eternal consequences) our chance of understanding history in the past, and even the psychological problem presented by the race to-day, is practically lost. And again, that all ambitions of social reform, all schemes for the world's salvation, are, if they exclude God's supernatural *vocation* of humanity, so essentially inadequate as to be doomed to failure."

H. P.

THE title of Sir Philip Gibbs's new book, *The People of Destiny* (Selwyn and Blount), leads us to expect deeper thought than the book has to offer us. What we find in it is only a very readable, if a rather journalistic, account of a rapid journey over the most beaten of beaten tracks, consisting apparently solely of the eastern cities of America with a flying visit to Chicago, and much pleasant gossip of the people the author met and the strange things that New York especially had to show him. Like almost all Englishmen, Sir Philip visits the eastern coast towns and thinks that he has seen and can write with authority about the whole of America. That the people of the United States are truly the "People of Destiny,"

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in the sense that they have it in their power just at the present moment to influence the near future of the whole world, is undoubtedly true. But it is not from the palaces of Fifth Avenue, or the literary clubs of Boston, nor even from the Capitol at Washington, or the Cliff-dwellers' Club at Chicago that the decisive word will be spoken, but from an America of which Sir Philip tells us nothing and left wholly unvisited, from the vast spaces and small townships of the Middle West, from Ohio and Illinois, from Indiana and Kentucky. There are the real "People of Destiny," in the sense that they hold the power which will decide the immediate policy of the United States and, so far, the destinies of the world. They dwell far inland a thousand miles from any sea, and the ocean to many of them is only a name. To them America is very big, and Europe and Asia very small and unimportant. They are the last people in the world to be likely to start an aggressive attack on other nations with whom they have so little direct contact. It is an evil thing that so much power should be in the hands of any one people, but perhaps these are less likely to abuse it than any others. Meanwhile Sir Philip Gibbs's book, while it does not afford matter for much deep thinking, is all in the right direction, and will tend, as all our efforts should, to make the two great English speaking nations understand each other better than they might otherwise have done.

A. S. B.

A NOTABLE impulse should be given to Catholic scholarship; both critical and creative, by Professor Rollins's *Old English Ballads, 1553-1625* (Cambridge University Press). If Catholics knew more of the ballads of their forefathers they might be stirred to making ballads for themselves: and if Catholics made ballads for all England it would not very much matter who made the laws: for the ballad has the last word not only with the simplest of the simple, but with the gentlest of the gentle. "Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness," said

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Sir Philip Sidney, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." But where are the trumpet-notes nowadays? Have the legislators so entire a monopoly of everything brazen that we must needs wait for the Last Judgment to hear the alarum heroical? Why are our singers so poor a match for our Solons? True the poet will have the suffrages of posterity. No one imagines that the framers of D.O.R.A. will smell sweet and blossom in their dust like Rupert Brooke! But it is not the highest function of a singer to bequeath an odour of sweetness to a discerning posterity. We want him to sing now, in the heyday of his strength, not for a heroic coterie, but for a heroic country. We want back Goethe, Scott, Béranger—we want the ballad. Above all we want the Catholic ballad.

"No better ballad was ever written," says Professor Rollins, "than 'The Song of the Death of Mr. Thewlis'": and "Mr. Thewlis" was one and the same with Bishop Challoner's "John Thulis, priest," martyred with "Roger Wrenno, weaver," at Lancaster in 1616. Not only is the swan-song of John Thewlis reprinted here for the first time in its integrity; but fifteen unique Catholic ballads of Elizabeth and James, five of Mary, and about fifty Protestant and nondescript ditties into the bargain. The first are the best. "Some of the fifteen," says their editor, "were written in prison by priests; over all hangs the shadow of Tyburn; so wholly unlooked-for is the calm resignation of tone, the lack of bitterness, the absence of invective." "Wholly unlooked-for" (from so sympathetic a connoisseur of Catholicism as Professor Rollins) has its pathos—and no less its lesson—for ourselves.

The Marian ballads merely go to prove that Catholics could be just as fulsome in "cherishing the Marigolde" as Protestants in pandering to the vanity of "fayre Elisa." In palmy days there seems very little to choose for sycophancy and intolerance between them. But let persecutions arise, and which of Foxe's text-crammed progeny can sing like this:

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Calvarie mount is my delight,
a place I loue so well,
Calvarie mount, O that I might
deserue on thee to dwell ;
O that I might a pilgrime goe,
that sacred mount to see ;
O that I might some seruice doe,
where *Christ* died once for me!

.

Noe rope nor cruell tortour then
should cause my minde to faile ;
Nor lewde deuice of wicked men
should cause my corage quaille ;
On racke in *tower* let me be laid,
let Joynts at large be stretched ;
Let me abyde each cruell braid,
till blood from vaines be fetched.

.

O *London*, let my quarters stand
upon thy gates to drye ;
And let them beare the world in hand
I did for treason dye ;
Let cro(w)es and kytes my carkas eate ;
let ravens their portion hav(e),
Least afterwards my frendes intreate
to lay my corpes in grave.

.

Sweet *Jesu*, if it be thy will,
unto my plaintes attend :
Grant g(r)ace I may continue still
thy servant to the end ;
Grant, blessed Lord, grant saviour sweete,
grant, *Jesu*, kinge of blisse,
That in thy love I live and dye,
sweete *Jesu*, grant me this.

H. P. E.

